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A COLLECTION OF

SONGS AND BALLADS

RELATIVE TO THE LONDON PRENTICES AND TRADES; AND TO THE AFFAIRS OF LONDON GENERALLY.

DURING THE

Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.

EDITED,

WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS,

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In offering this collection to the members of the Percy Society, the Editor thinks it necessary to say a few words in explanation of his departure from his original intention of confining it solely to Songs and Ballads relating to the London Prentices and Trades during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. The London Prentices were, during this period, and especially towards the latter part of it, a very important body; and it was thought that it would be a matter of comparatively small difficulty to collect a number of ballads relating to them sufficient to form of themselves a volume of moderate size. Upon further investigation, however, it was found that the number extant was not so great as was anticipated, and, of this number, some were unworthy, and many more unfit on the score of decency, for republication in the present day. It was therefore deemed advisable to extend the design of the collection, and to include, not only ballads relating to the Prentices and Trades, but to the public events and politics of London in general. To these have been added a few

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that are interesting at the present time from their mention of the ancient topography of this daily increasing city; and the whole, it is hoped, will prove acceptable to the members of the Percy Society.

The Editor cannot conclude without returning his thanks to various members of the Council, and especially to the ever-zealous Mr. Rimbault, for their valuable suggestions and other assistance during the progress of his labours.

London,
March 25th, 1841.

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SONGS OF THE LONDON PRENTICES AND TRADES.

EPISTLES OF JOHN BALL.

The Epistles of John Ball are taken from Stowe's Annals. John Ball was a priest who was hanged and beheaded at St. Alban's, on the 15th of July, 1381, for his participation in the rebellion of Wat Tyler. He was author of that famous couplet—

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

And, according to Stowe, used to commence his sermons with it, when he wished to stir up the people. He confessed, at the place of execution, that he wrote these Epistles—half prose and half verse—and distributed copies of them among the populace. Stowe says they are full of riddles and dark sentences; and many of the allusions are now unintelligible. The following was taken from the pockets of a man, who was captured after the riots of London, and sentenced to be hanged.

John Shepe, sometime Saint Mary priest, of York, and now of Colchester, greeteth well *John Namelesse*, and *John Miller*, and *John Carter*, and biddeth them that they beware of *Gillinbrough*, and standeth together in God's name; and biddeth *Pierce Plowman* goe to his work, and chastise well *Hob the Robber*, and take with him *John Trueman*, and all his fellowes, and no moe.

John the Miller hath yground small, small,
The king's son of heaven shall pay for all,
Beware or be ye wo!
Know your friend from your foe.
Haveth ynough and saith hoe!
And doe well and better and fleeth sinne,
And seeketh peace and holde therein!
And so biddeth John Trueman and all his fellows.

SECOND EPISTLE OF JOHN BALL.

Stowe says he had seen several other Epistles of John Ball, but has only preserved the following.

John Ball, Saint Mary priest,
Greeteth well all manner of men,
And biddeth them in name of the Trinitie,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Stand manlike together in truth,
And helpe truth, and truth shall help you.
Now reigneth pride in price,
Couetise is holden wise,
Lechery without shame,
Gluttonie without blame.
Enuie raigneth with reason,
And sloth is taken in great season,
God do boote, for now is time, Amen.

JACK MILLER'S SONG.

JACK MILLER was an important personage in these riots, but the old chroniclers give no information of his fate. It is probable, however, that he suffered execution about the same time as Wat Tyler, John Ball, Jack Straw, and the other leaders of the rebellion. Fifteen of them were beheaded with John Ball, at St. Alban's, and more than double that number at London. The following verses are printed in Stowe's Annals as if they were prose, and have thus doubtless escaped the observation of those who are curious in old poetry.

JACK MILLER asketh helpe to turn his Mill aright,
He hath ground small, small,
The king's son of heauen shall pay for all;
Looke thy Mill goe right,
With four sails, and the post;
Stand in stedfastnes,
With right and might,
With skill and will,
Let might helpe right,
And skill before will,
And right before might,
Then goeth our Mill aright.
But if might
Goe before right,
And will
Before skill,
Then is our Mill misdight.

JACK TRUEMAN'S EPISTLE.

THIS is also taken from Stowe, and was popular at the same period as the foregoing. Jack Trueman is more than once alluded to in the first Epistle of John Ball. The name of John Bathon, which occurs in this, is not mentioned by any of the historians of Wat Tyler's rebellion.

JACKE TREWMAN doeth you to vnderstond
That falsenesse and guile hath raigned too long;
And truth hath been set vnder a locke,
And falsenesse raigneth in every flocke,
No man may come truth to,
But he sing, si dedero; [and therefore,
Speake, spend and speed, quoth John of Bathon,
Sinne fareth as wilde flood,
True love is away that is so good,
And clarkes for wealth wirketh them wo—
God doe boote for now is time, Amen.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT;

BEING AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF HIS EDUCATION, UNEXPECTED FORTUNE, CHARITY, ETC.

To the Tune of "Dainty, come thou to me."

THE following is taken from the third edition of a "Collection of old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient Copies, with Introductions, historical, critical, and humorous. London, Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane; D. Leach, in Black and White Court, in the Old Bailey; and J. Batteley, at the Dove, in Paternoster Row. 1727." It has also been collated with another copy of the same ballad, entitled "A song of Richard Whittington, who by strange Fortunes came to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, with his bountiful Gifts and Liberality, given

to this honourable City;" which is to be found in the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses, gathered out of England's Royal Garden, set forth in many pleasant new Songs and Sonnets, &c. by R. Johnson. London, printed by J. M. for W. F. Thackeray, at the Sign of the "Angel," in Duck Lane, near West Smithfield, 1692." The two concluding stanzas do not appear in the collection of 1727. The story of Sir Richard Whittington, and the marvellous advancement of his fortune by means of his cat, has long been popular in England; but there appears to be no other authority for it than tradition. The wealth and benevolence of Sir Richard are however beyond doubt. This worthy citizen was, as the ballad repeats, thrice Lord Mayor of London,—the first time in 1396, the second in 1404, and the third in 1419. From Sir Richard's will, it appears that his extraction was not so humble as the old legends represent it, but that he was the son of a knight—Sir William Whittington and Dame Joan his wife. The various good works he performed, and the charities he endowed, are correctly enumerated in the ballad. Grafton, in his Chronicle, relates an anecdote of the knight, which is not elsewhere recorded. In a codicil to his will, he commanded his executors, as they should one day answer before God, to look diligently over the list of the persons indebted to him, and if they found any who was not clearly possessed of three times as much as would fully satisfy all the claim, they were freely to forgive it. He also added, that no man whatever should be imprisoned for any debt due to his estate. "Look upon this, ye aldermen," says the historian emphatically, "for it is a glorious glass!"

Here must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

But of poor Parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender Age
Bred up in Lancashire,

Poorly to London then
Came up this simple lad;
Where, with a Merchant-man
Soon he a dwelling had;

And in a kitchen plac'd,
A scullion for to be;
Where a long time he pass'd
In labour drudginly.

His daily service was
Turning at the fire;
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullion's hire;

Meat and Drink all his Pay,
Of coin he had no store;
Therefore to run away
In secret, thought he bore.

So from the merchant-man
Whittington secretely
Towards his country ran
To purchase liberty.

But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn,
London's bells sweetly rung
Whittington's back return;

Evermore sounding so,
Turn again, Whittington;

For thou, in time, shall grow
Lord Mayor of London.

Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
A prentice to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells,
This was his daily song;
This my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rung.

If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
London my love shall see,
And my large bounties find.

But, see this happy chance!
This scullion had a Cat,
Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.

His master ventur'd forth,
To a land far unknown,
With merchandize of Worth,
As is in Stories shown:

Whittington had no more
But this poor Cat as then,
Which to the ship he bore,
Like a brave valiant man:

Vent'ring the same, quoth he,
I may get store of gold,
And Mayor of London be,
As the Bells have me told.

Whittington's merchandise
Carried to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand;

The King of the country there
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remained in fear
Of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay,
No way they could keep safe;
But by rats bore away,
Fearing no wand or staff;

Whereupon soon they brought
Whittington's nimble cat;
Which by the King was bought;
Heaps of gold giv'n for that.

Home again came these men
With their ship laden so,
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow:

Scullions life he forsook,
To be a merchant good,

And soon began to look
How well his Credit stood.

After that he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then full quickly rose
Higher as did appear;

For, to this City's praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days
Thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent the King,
To maintain war in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a feast
Which he the King did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
To his Prince willingly;
And would no penny have
For this kind courtesy.

As God thus made him great,
So he would daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To shew his charity:

Prisoners poor cherish'd were,
Widows sweet comfort found:
Good deeds, both far and near
Of him do still resound.

Whittington's College is
One of his charities;
Record reporteth this,
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
For prisoners to lye in;
Christ Church he did repair,
Christian love for to win.

Many more such like deeds
Were done by Whittington;
Which joy and comfort breeds,
To such as look thereon.

Lancashire, thou hast bred
This flower of charity,
Though he be dead and gone,
Yet lives he lastingly.

Those bells that called him so:
"Turn again Whittington,"
Call you him back no more,
To live so in London.

THE STORY OF ILL MAY DAY, IN THE TIME OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,

AND WHY IT WAS SO CALLED: AND HOW QUEEN CATHARINE BEGGED THE LIVES OF TWO THOUSAND LONDON APPRENTICES.

To the Tune of "Essex's good night."

From the same collection as the preceding ballad. The story of Evil May Day is one of great note in the annals of London, and is one in which the apprentices played a chief but unhappy part. The events which gave rise to this calamitous occurrence happened in the early part of 1517; and the first outbreak was on May-day of the same year. The story, as related in the ballad, is very much exaggerated. The following more correct account of it is taken from Mackay's "History of London," p. 203 to 212.

"The first of May, 1517, is a remarkable day in the annals of London, and has been called Evil May day, on account of the calamities which it occasioned. For some time previous there had existed a growing jealousy in the city towards the foreigners and non-freemen who were permitted to exercise their craft within the walls, to the detriment of the freemen, whose profits were in consequence much reduced. One John Lincoln, a broker, was loud in his complaints, and made himself very conspicuous in his enmity to the foreign artisans. He had influence enough with a popular preacher, named Bell, to induce him to make allusions in his sermons to the injustice of suffering these foreigners to take the bread out of the mouths of native-born Englishmen. The preacher entered into the cause with so much zeal, and expatiated with so much eloquence on the hardships of the oppressed freemen, that the whole city was in a ferment. This was about the middle of April; and day after day it was whispered abroad, among the people, that on May-day some dreadful event would take place. It was impossible to trace this dark and menacing rumour to its source—nobody knew what was to happen, but every one was prepared for something extraordinary.

"While the popular mind was in this state of excitement, the young men of the city insulted and abused every foreigner they passed. Three young men, named Studley, Stevenson, and

Betts, made themselves particularly conspicuous; and having, on the 28th of April, met five or six foreign traders in Cheapside, they abused and beat them in so shameful a manner, that the lord mayor deemed it necessary to interfere, and sent out a strong party of the city-watch to capture the offenders, who were immediately conveyed, bound hand and foot, to the Compter.

"The indignation of the people against the foreigners now began to assume a more threatening complexion, and the vague rumours of the preceding fortnight hourly acquired a fearful consistency; and it was openly asserted, that on May-day evening every foreigner in London would be put to the sword. This rumour having reached the ears of Cardinal Wolsey, he sent in all haste for the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and the principal aldermen, and told them what he had heard, and that he should hold them responsible for the tranquillity of the city. This was on the 30th of April, or May-day eve; and as soon as the lord mayor was dismissed from the presence of the cardinal, he returned to the city, and immediately summoned a common-hall, to adopt such measures as should appear advisable for the preservation of the peace. The Guildhall was in less than an hour crowded by the aldermen and common councilmen, all filled with the most intense anxiety as to the fearful rumours that were abroad.

"After a long debate, it was agreed that orders should be immediately issued to every householder in the city, calling upon him to shut up his house, and keep his children, apprentices, and servants, strictly within doors, from nine o'clock that night until nine on the following morning. It was nearly eight o'clock before they agreed to this resolution, and it was necessary that they should acquaint Cardinal Wolsey of what they had resolved, as they could do nothing without his approbation. The recorder was, in consequence, charged to proceed with the utmost haste to Westminster, and inform the cardinal. The latter signified his approval of this precautionary measure, and the recorder rode back again into the city, where he arrived at half-past eight. There now remained but the short space of half an hour to proclaim this order in every part of the city; the consequence was, that the clock struck nine before the proclamation had been read in more than two or three places.

"An unfortunate, and certainly unpremeditated circumstance, rendered all these precautions vain, and let loose the flood of

angry passions. Alderman Sir John Mundie, having just left the common-hall, was passing through the Cheap, on his way home, when he saw two apprentices playing at buckler in the middle of the street. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock; and, without staying to inquire whether the order had yet been published in that quarter, he threatened to send the two young men to the Compter. The over-zealous alderman met with an insolent answer from the youths, who had no idea of leaving off their sport; and this having roused his ire, he seized hold of one of them, with the intention of dragging him off to prison. This unfortunate act was the signal for the commencement of the riot. Several other apprentices, who were looking on, no sooner saw this violence offered to their companion, than they raised the customary cry of 'Prentices! prentices!—Clubs! clubs!' In less than a minute the shout was responded to by a boisterous crowd of the young men of the city, armed with clubs, bills, staves, and weapons of every description. They rescued the apprentice from the grasp of the alderman, who had great difficulty in escaping with his life from the hands of his enraged assailants.

"The riot had now begun in earnest, and the apprentices were joined by upwards of seven hundred watermen, porters, and idle fellows, from all parts of the city. Another mob, with a similar purpose, collected about the same time in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the two having effected a junction, and being increased every minute by fresh bands of riotous apprentices from all parts of the town, commenced the work of destruction. Their first object was the release of Stevenson, Studley, and Betts, who had been committed to Newgate two days before, and they proceeded in that direction, bearing down all opposition, till they arrived at the gates of the prison. The gaolers were summoned to deliver up their captives; and, this being refused, the mob instantly broke open the doors, and brought them out in triumph.

"Their next feat was to force open the Compter, set all the prisoners loose, and then plunder the building, of which they left nothing but the bare walls standing. Having thus recruited their ranks by the addition of men who were not likely to be very scrupulous as to what they attempted, they rushed on, hallooing and shouting, to Leadenhall Street, where several of the foreigners resided, pillaging a house in St. Martin's-le-Grand in

their way, because somebody from a window had cried out 'Down with the 'prentices! down with the rioters!' The strangers, who had heard, in common with every other inhabitant of the city, the dark and sinister rumours of the preceding week, had taken care of their own safety, and transported themselves and families to places of security, without the walls—to Islington, Hackney, and other villages. The mob, thus baulked of their victims, vented their rage upon their dwellings, and pillaged every house where foreign traders or artisans, non-freemen, were known to reside, levelling to the ground such of them as were not strong enough to resist their furious onset. This scene of plunder and confusion continued without intermission until three o'clock in the morning, when the rioters, exhausted with their own violence, separated gradually, and returned to their homes.

"In the meantime the government had not been idle, and Cardinal Wolsey, on the first intimation of the real state of affairs in the city, had dispatched a message, with orders to the lieutenant of the Tower to commence a discharge of artillery upon the city. Several shots were fired, but as they only damaged the houses, without producing the slightest effect upon the mob, the assault from this quarter was discontinued, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey were ordered to enter the city at the head of a strong body of troops. They did not, however, effect an entrance, until the rioters had begun to disperse of their own accord, when they aided the Lord Mayor in capturing nearly three hundred of the most violent, including some women, who had excited the rest.

"Next morning one of the aldermen recalled to mind the seditious sermons of Dr. Bell, and orders were immediately given for his apprehension, and that of John Lincoln, the broker, who had originally prevailed upon him to preach to the people as he had done. They were both sent to the Tower, and the following day was fixed for their trial, along with the other rioters. The trial, owing to the great number of prisoners, was afterwards fixed for the fourth of May, when the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey were sent, on the part of the king, to aid the lord mayor. The former entered the city with a force of upwards of one thousand men, under whose escort the whole of the prisoners were led at once through the streets from Newgate to the Guildhall. The court was set, and John Lincoln,

Betts, Studley, and ten others, were found guilty, and ordered to be taken next day to the place of execution, and to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The remaining rioters, whose trial had not been proceeded with, were remanded to prison until a future day.

"The king's commissioners were determined on this occasion to strike terror, and orders were given that ten gallows should be erected during the night in different parts of the city. One was placed before Newgate, another at the Compter, and the remaining eight at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, St. Martin's-le-Grand, Mark Lane, Leadenhall Street, Gracechurch Street, Aldersgate Street, and Smithfield. Early in the morning the thirteen unfortunate men were brought to the place of execution; and John Lincoln, in the presence of a large body of soldiers to keep the crowd in awe, was first hanged.

"The spectators were remarkably silent, and looked upon each other with lowering eyes, to think of the undue severity which was about to deprive so many men of life—for a rumour was spread abroad that every one of the three hundred would surely be hanged. The luckless companions of Lincoln, having been forced to behold his death-struggles for a time, were then led off to other quarters of the city, with the ropes about their necks, followed by the array of the soldiery, and the immense but silent mob. They had just arrived at the next gallows, when a horseman, covered with dust, rode rapidly through the mass, which opened for him as he came. Every eye was turned towards him—a fearful stillness reigned, and the multitude almost held its breath, in anxiety to discover the message of the hard-riding horseman. Wiping the perspiration from his forehead with one hand, he presented a document to the sheriffs with the other. It was a reprieve for the remaining culprits. An overpowering shout of 'God save the King' resounded through the air as soon as the multitude were made acquainted with it, and the prisoners were then led back to Newgate.

"This act of grace was not a pardon, but only a reprieve till the king's pleasure should be known, and the lord mayor and aldermen, who had heard that the king was highly incensed with them, resolved to wait upon Henry, who was then at Greenwich, and exculpate themselves from all blame. The king did not receive them so graciously as they had expected; but told them

in angry terms, that such men as they ought not to be entrusted with the government of a great city;—that they had been guilty of gross negligence at the very least, and for all that he yet knew to the contrary, might have connived at the riot, for their own dishonest purposes. With this he dismissed them, adding that if he had anything further to communicate to them upon the matter, they should hear it from the mouth of the Lord Chancellor Wolsey.

"The lord mayor and his fellows left the royal presence in no enviable frame of mind, and remained for two days in a state of anxiety as to the ultimate intentions of the king. At the end of that time a note was received from Cardinal Wolsey, to the effect that they should present themselves with befitting humility, and with the whole of their prisoners, before the king, at Westminster Hall, on the 22nd of May. Accordingly, the lord mayor, the recorder, the sheriffs, and many of the aldermen and members of the common-council appeared before the king. They were all dressed in mourning robes, in token of contrition for their negligence. The king sate on the throne at the upper end of Westminster Hall, surrounded by Cardinal Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earls of Surrey, Shrewsbury and Essex, and others of the principal officers of state. After the lord mayor and the other city-functionaries had made their obeisance to the king, orders were issued for the introduction of the prisoners, who, to the number of two hundred and seventy-eight, including eleven women, were marched into the hall, tied together in couples, dressed only in their long shirts, and with halters about their necks.

"The Lord Chancellor Wolsey then addressed the magistrates in the king's name, and rebuked them in severe terms for their negligence in not taking proper precautions to preserve the peace of the city, and the lives and property of strangers who had taken up their abode within their walls in the fullest reliance that they would be protected by the right feeling of the magistracy, as well as by the law. The lord mayor and his company bowed their heads in submission, and made no reply. Cardinal Wolsey then turned from them to the long array of unfortunate prisoners, and asked them what they could plead in extenuation of their offence, and wherefore they should not one and all be sentenced to death? The degraded and miserable trim of the

culprits, and the sobs and cries for mercy by which alone they answered the interrogatory of the chancellor, somewhat softened the heart of Henry; some of the nobility present even shed tears, and implored the king to pardon the unhappy culprits. After a little solicitation, Henry allowed himself to be persuaded, and having listened to a severe admonition from the cardinal as to their future conduct, they were ordered to be discharged. The same night the ten gallows, the shame and dread of the city, were removed amid the general rejoicings of the inhabitants, upon whose mind the clemency of the king produced a more salutary effect than all the rigour he could have employed."

Peruse the stories of this land,
And with advisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
How Ill May-Day first got the name.
For when King Henry th' Eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here,
His royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Catharine nam'd, as stories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife;
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endless trouble during life.
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journey's fast for England's bends.

And with good leave were suffered
Within our kingdom here to stay:

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Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things else from day to day.
For strangers then did so increase,
By reason of King Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell?
Which was a grief to English-men,
To see them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God wot) upon May Eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe
At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were;
For by the same full many a one,
With loss of life did pay full dear:
For thousands came with Bilboe blade,
As with an army they would meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran with blood,
In every street where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
That any of their part maintain'd;

The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henry's power
This multitude encompass'd round,
There with the strength of London's Tower
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,
On sign posts at their masters' doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars;
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thousand 'prentices at least)
Were all unto the King presented,
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-Bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street,
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments,
Possess'd the court with trembling fear;
Whereat the queen herself relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear;
What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say Queen Catharine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be
These young men did their fortunes find.
And so disrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths, I crave;
O let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave:
In saying so, the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes;
Whereat his gentle Queen he cheers,
And says, stand up, sweet lady, rise.

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar;

Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
To serve me in my Bullen* war.
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As tho' it thunder'd down from heaven
The Queen's renown amongst them all.

For which (kind Queen), with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days:
And when King Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours, in France,
They shew'd themselves brave Englishmen;
At Bullen, too, they did advance
St. George's lusty standard then:
Let Tourine, Tournay, and those towns
That good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices' renowns,
And of the deeds by them there done.

For Ill May-Day and Ill May-games,
Perform'd in young and tender days,

---

* Boulogne.

Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or stains of manhood any ways:
And now it is ordain'd by law
We see on May-Day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
Which once thro' headstrong young men came;
And that 's the cause that I do read
May-Day hath got so ill a name.

THE HONOUR OF A LONDON PRENTICE:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS MATCHLESS MANHOOD AND BRAVE ADVENTURES DONE IN TURKEY, AND BY WHAT MEANS HE MARRIED THE KING'S DAUGHTER, ETC.

To the Tune of "All you that love good fellows," &c.

THE tune of this ballad is to be found in Mr. Chappell's "Collection of National English Airs." The editor of the "Collection of Old Ballads, corrected from the most Ancient Copies Extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical, or Humorous, London, 1727," says this ballad relates "to a noble piece of chivalry performed in Queen Elizabeth's day, but I must acknowledge myself so ignorant that I cannot yet discover who this famous prentice was, nor yet any particular account of the fact." The only celebrated apprentice in Queen Elizabeth's time, and who from his after renown was of importance enough to have given occasion to popular ballads, was Edward Osborn, apprentice to Sir William Hewitt, Lord Mayor of London, and cloth-worker, on London Bridge. Osborn, while at work, saw his master's

daughter, then an infant, fall from the arms of a servant, who was standing at the window, into the Thames. He instantly sprang out of the window, and brought the child safely to the shore. As she grew up to womanhood she bestowed her love upon the apprentice, and afterwards married him, although the Earl of Shrewsbury was a suitor for her hand. Osborn himself became Lord Mayor of London, and was the founder of the present ducal family of Leeds. It is stated in the histories of London, that Osborn performed many valiant deeds, and was quite a popular hero in his day. It does not however appear that the present ballad, which is evidently fabulous, has any reference to him,—the only allusions tending to warrant the supposition being, that both were from Cheshire and apprenticed to masters who resided on London Bridge. There is a black-letter copy of this ballad in the collection in three volumes, folio, under the press-mark 643m, in the British Museum, of which the following is a transcript.

Of a worthy London prentice
my purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave adventures
done for his country's sake ;
Seek all the world about,
and you shall hardly find
A man in valour to exceed
a prentice gallant mind.

He was born in Cheshire,
The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London
a prentice-boy to be.
A merchant on the bridge
did like his service so,
That for three years his factor
to Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country
a year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
the honour of his queen :
Elizabeth the princess
he nobly did make known,
To be the Phenix of the world,
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
well-mounted on a steed,
One score of knights most hardy,
one day he made to bleed :
And brought them all to ground,
who proudly did deny
Elizabeth to be the pearl
of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son, there present
to pull this youngster down ;
Who at his father's words
these boasting speeches said :
" Thou art a traytor, English boy,
and hast the traytor plaid."

" I am no boy nor traytor,
thy speeches I defie,
For which I'll be revenged
upon thee by and by :

A London prentice still
shall prove as good a man
As any of your Turkish knights,
do all the best you can."

And there withal he gave him
a box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck asunder,
as plainly doth appear.
"Now know, proud Turk," quoth he,
"I am no English boy,
That can with one small box o' th' ear
the prince of Turks destroy."

When the as king perceived
his son so strangely slain,
His soul was sore afflicted
with more than mortal pain:
And in revenge thereof,
he swore that he should dye
The cruel'st death that ever man
beheld with mortal eye.

Two lyons were prepared
this prentice to devour,
Near famish'd-up with hunger
ten days within the tower,
To make them far more fierce
and eager of their pray,
To glut themselves with human gore,
upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
at length grew near at hand,
Where all the noble ladies
and barons of the land,
Attended on the king,
to see this prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
of these fierce lyons twain.

Then in his shirt of cambrick,
with silk most richly wrought,
This worthy London prentice
was from the prison brought,
And to the lyons given
to stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days' space
not one small bit of meat.

But God, that knows all secrets,
the matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
they were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
they scarcely could withstand
The noble force and fortitude
and courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lyons
had cast him in their eyes,
The elements did thunder
with the eccho of their cries;

And running all amain
his body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
with all his might and power;

From thence by manly valour
their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the king he threw them,
to all the people's wonder.
" This have I done," quoth he,
" for lovely England's sake,
And for my country's maiden queen
much more will undertake."

But when the king perceived
his wrothful lyons' hearts,
Afflicted with great terrour,
his rigor soon reverst:
And turned all his hate
into remorse and love,
And said : " It is some angel
sent down from heaven above."

" No, no, I am no angel,"
the courteous young man said,
" But born in famous England,
where God's word is obey'd :
Assisted by the heavens,
who did me thus befriend,
Or else they had most cruelly
brought here my life to end."

The king in heart amazed,
lift up his eyes to heaven,
And for his foul offences
did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no land
like England may be seen,
No people better governed
by vertue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
he pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him
to be his wedded wife;
Where then they did remain,
and live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
in joy and love's encrease.

London: Printed by and for W. S. and sold by the Booksellers of Pye Corner and London Bridge.

UPON MY LORD MAIOR'S DAY, BEING PUT OFF BY REASON OF THE PLAGUE.

This satirical ballad, which is extracted from "Wit and Drollery, 1656," and which the Editor has not been able to find in any earlier collection, appears, from the allusions it contains, to have been written on the plague of 1602-1603. The mention made in the third stanza of the Spanish armada, shows that that

event was still comparatively recent; and the words in the eighth stanza, "in first of reigne," fix its period more clearly as the first of James I, when this great plague broke out. It raged for nearly a year, and carried off 30,578 persons, of whom 3,090 died in one week. The king's public entry into London, and the city rejoicings, were postponed from the 9th November, 1603, to the 15th of March following, when the plague having abated, the king, queen, and Prince Henry, rode from the Tower of London through the city, which on that occasion was decorated with more than usual magnificence.

If you 'l but hear me I shall tell
A sad mischance that late befell,
for which the dayes of old,
In all new almanacks must mourne,
And babes that never must be borne
shall weep to hear it told.

For loe the sport of that great day,
In which the Maior hath leave to play,
and with him all the town;
His flag and drum, and fife released,
And he forbad to goe a feast-
ing in his scarlet gown.

No fife must on the Thames be seen,
To fright the maior, and please the queen,
nor any wilde-fire tost;
Though he suppose the fleet that late
Invaded us in eighty-eight,
ore-matcht by his gally foist.

The pageants, and the painted cost
Bestowed on them, are all quite lost,
for now he must not ride ;
Nor shall they hear the players tale,
Who mounted on some mighty whale,
swims with him through Cheap-side.

Guildhall now must not entertaine
The maior, who there would feast his brain
with white broth and with hen;
Nor shall the fencers act their piggs
Before the hinch-boyes, which are giggs
whipt out with all the men.

Nor must he goe in state to sweare,
As he was wont, at Westminster,
no trumpet's at the hall;
Their clamorous voices there would stretch,
As if the lawyers they would teach
in their owne courts to bawl.

But what in sooth is pitty most,
Is for the daughters they have lost,
all joyes for which they pray;
Which scatter palmes on their cheeks,
Which they had prim'd at least three weeks
before, against the day.

And 'mongst themselves they much complain,
That this lord maior in first of reigne
should doe them so much wrong,

As to surpresse by message sad,
The feast for which they all have had
their march-pane dream so long.

Thus for their beauteous sakes have I
Described the dayes large history,
'tis true, although not witty;
Which is deny'd, for I'de be loth
To cut my coat above my cloath,—
my subject is the city.

LONDON'S ORDINARY: OR, EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

To a pleasant new Tune.

THE following humorous list of taverns in London, has been transcribed from a broadside in the British Museum. It is also to be found in Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece." A portion of it, with some variations, is also inserted, under the title of the "Tavern Song," in the third edition of "Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy. London, 1682."

THROUGH the Royal Exchange as I walked,
where gallants in sattin did shine;
At midst of the day they parted away
at several places to dine.

The gentry went to the King's Head,
the nobles unto the Crown;
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
and the plowman to the Clown.

The clergy will dine at the Miter,
the vintners at the Three Tuns;
The usurers to the Devil will go,
and the fryers unto the Nuns.

The ladies will dine at the Feathers,
the Globe no captain will scorn;
The huntsman will go to the Grey-hound below,
and some townsmen to the Horn.

The plummer will dine at the Fountain,
the cooks at the Holy Lamb;
The drunkards at noon to the Man in the Moon,
and the cuckolds to the Ram.

The rovers will dine at the Lyon,
the watermen at the Old Swan;
The bawds will to the Negro go,
and the whores to the Naked Man.

The keepers will to the White Hart,
the marriners unto the Ship;
The beggars they must take their way
to the Eg-shell and the Whip.

The farriers will to the Horse,
the blacksmith unto the Lock;
The butchers to the Bull will go,
and the carmen to Bridewell-Dock.

The fishmongers unto the Dolphin,
the bakers to the Cheat-Loaf;
The turners unto the Table will go,
where they may merrily quaff.

The taylor will dine at the Sheers,
the shoo-makers will to the Boot;
The Welshmen they will take their way,
and dine at the sign of the Goat.

The hosiers will dine at the Leg,
and drapers at the sign of the Brush;
The fletchers to Robin Hood will go,
and the spendthrift to Beggar's Bush.

The pewterers to the Quart Pot,
the coopers will dine at the Hoop;
The coblers to the Last will go,
and the bargemen to the Scoop.

The carpenters will dine at the Axe,
the colliers will dine at the Sack;
Your fruiterer he to the Cherry-tree,—
good fellows no liquor will lack.

The goldsmiths to the Three Cups,
their money they count as dross;
Your puritan to the Pewter Can,
and your papists to the Cross.

The weavers will dine at the Shuttle,
the glovers will into the Glove;
The maidens all to the Maidenhead,
and true lovers unto the Dove.

The sadlers will dine at the Saddle,
the painters to the Green Dragon;
The Dutchman will go to the sign of the Vrow,
where each man may drink his flagon.

The chandlers will dine at the Scales,
the salters at the sign of the Bag;
The porters take pain at the Labour-in-vain,
and the horse-courser to the White Nag.

Thus every man in his humour,
from the north unto the south;
But he that hath no money in his purse,
may dine at the sign of the Mouth.

The swaggerers will dine at the Fencers;
but those that have lost their wits,
With Bedlam Tom let there be their home,
and the Drum the drummers best hits.

The cheater will dine at the Chequer,
the pick-pocket at the Blind Ale-house;
Till taken and tride, up Holborn they ride,
and make their end at the gallows.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

An apology may be necessary for the reproduction here of a ballad so well known as "George Barnwell;" and the only apology that can be offered is, that a collection relating to London and London Prentices would be incomplete without it. In the introduction given to it in Percy's Reliques, the bishop states that this tragical ballad seems to relate to a real fact, but when it happened he had not been able to discover. No further light has since been thrown upon the matter. The title of the ballad, as taken by Percy from the Ashmole Collection, at Oxford, is "An excellent Ballad of George Barnwell, an Apprentice of London, who thrice robbed his master, and Murdered his Uncle, at Ludlow. To the Tune of 'The Merchant.'" The well-known play of "George Barnwell," written by Lillo, and produced by him in or shortly prior to 1730, was until very recently annually brought forward on the metropolitan boards at holiday time, as an example to the idle youths that then flocked to the theatres; but it now seems to be discarded altogether, and bids fair to become obsolete. It is said of a recent worthy chamberlain of the city, that he never failed when an apprentice was bound before him, to relate the sad story of George Barnwell, and quote some lines of the ballad, as a warning to him.

THE FIRST PART.

All youth of fair Engländ
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound,

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains ;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,
Was walking through the street
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And sumptuous in attire ;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I,
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go,

To gather monies in,
That are my master's due :
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.

Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passéd right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one:
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm ;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down;
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seeméd so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace
Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,
Unto this homely place.

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be :
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
Fair mistress, I you pray ;
For why, out of my master's house,
So long I dare not stay.

Alas, good sir, she said,
Are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide ?

Faith, then the case is hard ;
If it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee :

Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire ;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had
All wrought with silk and gold :
Which she to stay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange ;
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change :

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand :
Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand ?

Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently,
In Money twice three pound,

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewel she gave;
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have?

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewitcht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye ;
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe ! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet ;
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,*
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear ? quoth I ;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and dye.

But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend.

---

* The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c. shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to change of manners at that period.—Percy.

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say,
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch ;
And God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. Tush, rise, I said,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay,
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say;
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report.

"But how she us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The SECOND PART may show."

THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee
Sweet Sarah, my delight;
I am undone, unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts
Hath just occasion found;
And I am caught behind the hand
Above two hundred pound.

And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love, I fly to thee,
Hoping some time I may remaine
In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, What should I have to do
With any prentice boy?

And seeing that you have purloyn'd
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay.

Why, dear, thou know'st, I said,
How all which I could get,
I gave it, and did spend it all
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report.

Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed,
I do defie thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship, that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection, which
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

False woman, now farewell,
Whilst twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
With freedom I will cast.

When she perceiv'd by this,
I had store of money there,
Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer.

Dost think for all my speech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith no, said she, my love to thee
I wiss is more than so.

You scorne a prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear,
Wherefore I will not trouble you.——
——Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe'er befall;
But man we'll have a bed for thee,
Or else the devil take all.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLL. LIBRARY

So I by wiles bewitcht,
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to get away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment;
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and thought!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

My father's rich, why then
Should I want store of gold?
Nay with a father sure, quoth she,
A son may well make bold.

I've a sister richly wed,
I'll rob her ere I'll want.
Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well
Consider of you scant.

Nay, I an uncle have:
At Ludlow he doth dwell:
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the rest excell.

Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coyn for thee;
I'll rob his house, and murder him.
Why should you not? quoth she:

Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor estate;
On father, friends, and all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
A man is but a beast:
But bringing money, thou shalt be
Always my welcome guest.

For shouldst thou be pursued
With twenty hues and cryes,
And with a warrant searched for
With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe;
Such privy wayes there be,
That if they sought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both
Their pleasures to content:
George Barnwell had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way,
But that he fear'd his master had
Took order for his stay.

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed
Until it chanced so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took:
When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed.

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I wis, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door:
Which is the just reward of those,
Who spend upon a whore.

O! do me not disgrace
In this my need, quoth he,
She call'd him thief and murderer;—
With all the spight might be,

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended:
And shewed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter write;
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was,
And then to Ludlow sent;
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains:
For murder in Polonia,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
That after harlots haunt;
Who in the spoil of other men,
About the streets do flaunt.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of "I waile in woe, I plunge in pain; or, Labandola Shott."

In the books of the Stationer's Company is the following entry: "7 November, 1576, licensed unto him (i.e. Richard Jones) a ballad, intituled 'A woeful Ballad, made by Mr. George Mannyngton an Hour before he suffered at Cambridge Castell,' to the Tune of 'Labandola Shott,' and beginning 'I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.'" The following ballad, which is transcribed from "Wit and Drollery," 1656, and which is published without a title, appears from the allusion to Mannington, to have been written at a time when the fate of that malefactor was still recent and fresh in the popular memory. The lines commencing the second stanza:

> "I cast my coat and cap away,
> And went in silk and satins gay,"

seem to refer to an order published in 1582, at the command of the queen. Elizabeth, being scandalized at the extravagance of dress indulged in by the citizens generally, and by the apprentices in particular, sent a remonstrance to the Court of Common Council, commanding them to take care, under pain of her displeasure, that the apprentices dressed themselves in a more sober and becoming manner. The court issued their orders accordingly; and apprentices were commanded to wear a woollen coat and cap, and forbidden under any circumstances, or upon any pretence whatever, to wear jewellery, or any silk or velvet apparel, or to carry any weapon of offence or defence. For the first transgression of this kind, the delinquent was to be punished at the discretion of his master; for the second, he was to be publicly whipped in the hall of his company; and for the third, he was not only to be whipped, but to serve six months longer than the term for which he was bound. The ballad relating to George Mannington may be seen in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January 1781; and in Ritson's Collection of Ancient Songs and Ballads. In "Eastward Hoe," by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, Quicksilver, the apprentice, is introduced as a prisoner in the Counter, reading these verses, which he calls his "Repent-

ance." The tune of "Labandola Shott," although that of a "woful ballad," was, it appears, frequently danced to. See Ritson's introduction to the "Lamentation of George Mannington," in his Ancient Songs and Ballads, vol. ii. p. 47. London, 1829.

In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver I did dwell of late;
I had a master good and kinde,
That would have wrought me to his minde.
He bade me still work upon that,
But, alas! I wrought I know not what.
He was a Touchstone, black but true,
And told me still what would ensue;
Yet, woe is me, I would not learne,
I saw, alas! but could not discerne.

I cast my coat and cap away,
I went in silkes and sattins gay;
False mettall of good manners I
Did daily coyne unlawfully.
I scorn'd my master, being drunke,
I kept my gelding and my punke,
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorry for the same.

Still eastward hoe, was all my word,
But westward I had no regard;
Nor never thought what would come after,
As did, alas, his youngest daughter.

At last the black oxe trod on my foote,
I saw then what belong'd unto't;
Now cried I, Touch-stone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill.

O Mannington, thy stories show
Thou cut'st a horse head off at a blow;
But I confesse I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse,
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,
And leave his body in the dust
Of Sinnes high way, and bogges of lust,
Whereby I may take Vertue's purse;
And live with her for better for worse.

Farewell, Cheapside; farewell, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that never shall fade;
Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,
And be you warned by my fall:
Shun usurer's bonds, and dice and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs;
Seek not to goe beyond your tether,
And cut your thongs unto your lether,
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Scape Tyborne, Counters, and the Spittle.

THE RANTING RAMBLER:

OR, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S FROLLICK THRO' THE CITY BY NIGHT; WHERE HE WAS TAKEN BY THE WATCH, AND SENT TO THE COUNTER BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT SPEAK; AND THE NEXT DAY BROUGHT BEFORE MY LORD MAYOR, WHERE HIS PARDON WAS BEGG'D BY HIS LOVING DAUGHTER.

To a pleasant new Tune, called "The Rant, Dal, derra, rara."

FROM a broadside in the British Museum. The tune of the Rant is to be found in "A Collection of National English Airs," by W. Chappell, F.S.A. 4to. 1840.

I PRAY now attend to this ditty,
a merry and frollicksome song,
'Twas of a young spark through the city,
by night he went ranting along,
The Rant, Dal derra, rarra, &c.

The constable happen'd to hear him,
and call'd to his watch out of hand;
They went forth and never did fear him,
but presently bid him to stand.
The Rant, &c.

Come bring forth the lanthorn and candle,
That streight we his person may seize;
I hope we have power to handle
such turbulent fellows as these.
The Rant, &c.

Sir, come before Mr. Constable,
there to be examin'd, in course,
Nay, if you refuse it, we're able
to bring you before him by force.
The Rant, &c.

Friend, where have you been this late hour,
ne'er baffle, but now tell me true;
'Tis very well known I have power
to punish such ranters as you,
The Rant, &c.

No person like him ever acted,
his senses and reason is fled;
I think that the fellow's distracted;—
why han't you a tongue in your head?
The Rant, &c.

I'm the king's lieutenant, don't flout me,
my power all persons will own;
The watch are my nobles about me,
this chair is a type of the throne.
The Rant, &c.

This touch of my office I'll lend him,
my power o'er night he don't mind;
Therefore to the Counter I'll send him,
next morning a tongue he may find.
The Rant, &c.

The watchmen did streightways surround him,
and him to the Counter they bring,
And yet notwithstanding they found him
resolved this ditty to sing,
The Rant, &c.

Come open, Turnkey of the prison,
this ranter must with you remain,
When sleep has restoréd his reason,
our master will call here again.
The Rant, &c.

The keeper he said, Worthy Squire,
you seem like a person well bred;
Will you have a chamber and fire?
or shall we provide you a bed?
The Rant, &c.

Come bring him a quart of canary,
and pipes of tobacco also;
The gentleman seems to be merry,
he'll pay us before he doth go.
The Rant, &c.

The prisoners heard the oration,
how he in his rant did proceed,
And therefore without disputation,
they all came for garnish with speed.
The Rant, &c.

And streight they laid hold of his bever,
and told him he garnish should pay;
The keeper he us'd his endeavour
to pacifie them while next day.
The Rant, &c.

The constable that was offended,
next day to the goal did repair,
And being with servants attended,
he brought him before the Lord Mayor.
The Rant, &c.

As I in my watch-house was sitting,
this fellow a racket did keep;
A humour which was much unfitting,
he waken'd men out of their sleep.
The Rant, &c.

Said I, where is your habitation,
I question'd this over and o'er;
But he would give me no relation,
but still he came ranting the more.
The Rant, &c.

My officers has he not rested,
in this you must satisfie me;
They to my Lord Mayor streight protested,
no man had slept better than he.
The Rant, &c.

Do's such a strange humour attend you?
will you by strange fancies be led?
Again to the Counter I'll send you,
to cure the strange noise in your head.
The Rant, &c.

Then streightways came in my lord's daughter,
and begg'd that he might be set free;
And said, Sir, I know that hereafter,
you'll find this a wager to be.
The Rant, &c.

He streightways did grant her desire,
and to her request he agrees,
And did the young gallant require
to pay down his officers fees.
The Rant, &c.

To pay which the gallant was ready,
yet never a word did he say,
But made a bow to the young lady,
and then he went singing away,
The Rant, &c.

Licensed according to Order.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.

A TRUE CHARACTER OF SUNDRY TRADES AND CALLINGS: OR, A NEW DITTY OF INNOCENT MIRTH.

This song is new, perfect, and true,
There's none can this deny;
For I am known, friend, to be one
That scorn to tell a lie.

To the Tune of "Old Simon the King."

Licensed according to Order.

From a broadside in the British Museum. The song and tune of "Old Sir Simon the King, are reprinted in "A Collection of National English Airs," by W. Chappell, F.S.A. 4to. 1840.

Now, gentlemen, be you all merry,
I'll sing you the song of a want;
I'll make you as merry as may be,
Tho' money begins to grow scant,
A Woman without e'er a tongue
She never can scold very loud;
'Tis just such another great want
When the Fidler wants his crowd.
Good people, I tell unto you,
These lines are absolute new;
For I hate and despise the telling of lies,—
This ditty is merry and true.

A Ship that's without e'er a sail,
May be driven the Lord knows whither;
'Tis just such another sad want
When the Shooe-maker wants his leather.

A man that has got but one legg,
Will make but a pitiful runner;
And he that has no eyes in his head,
Will make but a sorrowful Gunner.
Good people, I tell, &c.

A Doctor without any stomack
Will make but a pitiful dinner;
And he that has got no dinner to eat,
Will quickly look thinner and thinner.
A bell without e'er a clapper,
Will make but a sorrowful sound;
And he that has no land of his own,
May work on another man's ground.
Good people, I tell, &c.

A Blacksmith without his bellows,
He need to not rise very soon;
And he that has no cloaths to put on,
May lye in his bed till noon.
An Innkeeper without any custom,
Will never get store of wealth;
And if he has ne'er a sign to hang up,
He may e'en go hang up himself.
Good people, &c.

A Miller without any stones,
He is but a sorrowful soul;
And if that he has no corn to grind,
He need not stand taking of toll.

The Taylor we know he is loath
To take any cabbidge at all,
If he has no silk, stuff, or cloath,
To do that good office withal.
Good people, &c.

A Woman without e'er a fault,
She like a bright star will appear;
But a Brewer without any mault,
Will make but pitiful beer.
A man that has got but one shirt,
When e'er it is wash'd for his hide,
I hope it can't be no great hurt
To lye in his bed till 'tis dry'd.
Good people, &c.

A Mountebank without his fools,
And a ship-kennel turn'd out of place,
A Tinker without any tools,
They are all in a sorrowful case.
All know that a dish of good meat,
It is the true stay of man's life;
But he that has nothing to eat,
He need not to draw out his knife.
Good people, &c.

A Pedlar without e'er a stock,
It makes him look pittiful blew;
A Shepherd without e'er a flock,
Has little or nothing to do.

A Farmer without any corn,
He neither can give, sell, or lend;
A Huntsman without e'er a horn,
His whistle must stand his good friend.
Good people, &c.

A Plowman that has ne'er a plow,
I think may live at his ease;
A Dairy without e'er a cow,
Will make but bad butter and cheese.
A man that is pittiful poor,
Has little or nothing to lose;
And he that has never a foot,
It saves him the buying of shooes.
Good people, &c.

A Warren without e'er a coney,
Is barren, and so much the worse;
And he that is quite without money,
Can have no great need of a purse,
I hope there is none in this place
That is now displeas'd with this song;
Come buy up my ballads apace,
And I'll pack up my awls and begone.
Good people, I tell unto you,
These lines are absolute new;
For I hate and despise the telling of lies,
This ditty is merry and true.

London: Printed for P. Brooksby, at the "Golden Ball," in Pye Corner.

MICHAELMAS TERM.

THE CITIZENS KIND WELCOME TO COUNTRY-MEN THAT FROM ALL PARTS OF THE LAND COME HITHER ABOUT THEIR NEEDLESSE OCCASIONS (NEEDFUL, I MEAN) WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE SEASONS AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE THEREIN IMPLOYED.

To the Tune of "The Rambling Clerke."

[From a broadside in the British Museum.]

Come hither, my muse, if that thou be'st cold,
And warm thyself well with Promethean fire;
Which when thou hast done, let me be bold
In matter of moment thy aid to require.
My mind is resolved to write on a theam,
The which my expression I hope shall confirm;
Those men that do come from all parts of the realm,
I bid them all welcome to Michaelmas Term.

The tradesmen of London, with long expectation
Have lookt for the coming of this happy time;
They are sick at heart of the tedious vexation,
But now on a sudden they'll be in their prime.
They think themselves happy, especially some,
If Michaelmas rent and their dyet they earn;
But now they are glad, for their harvest is come,—
The country brings money to Michaelmas Term.

The Innholders, Vintners, Victualers, and Cooks,
Through want of imployment make grievus complaint:

In all this long season they were off o' th' hook,
But now their Red Lettise they do new paint.
Some set up new signes, or new florish the old,
And mend their old houses, if they be infirm;
To venture their money they dare well be bold,
In hope to regain it in Michaelmas Term.

The Tapsters, Ostlers, and Chamberlains ale,
Chiefly about Holborn, Fleet Street, and the Strand,
Since Trinity term had takings but small,
Which caus'd many of them to run behind hand;
But now they are jovial, and take heart a grace,
And both nimble gestures and speeches they learn;
Their gains now come tumbling in a great pace,—
Long time they have wished for Michaelmas Term.

Some atturnies, and some that solicite law cases,
That at the vacation in the country plods.
They, like to King Janus, can use double faces,
And bribe to set neighbour with neighbour at odds;
Now hither they come, with their bags full of law,
But the profits they all to themselves do confirm;
Although it be but for a trusse of rye straw,
The case must be try'd at Michaelmas Term.

The rambling Clerks, that for lodging and dyet
Have run on the ticket with Vitlers and Cooks,
Besides now and then for some overplus royot
Some of them have pawn'd their gowns and their books.

O now they are frollick, and sing care away,
For country clients about them do swarm;
Now all their old scores they'll be able to pay,—
Their hands are so busy in Michaelmas Term.

The three-peny ordinaries are so full throng'd,
That there you can scarce get one bit of meat;
Your countrymen proudly do scorn to be wrong'd,
And yet their own bellies they basely will cheat.
The lawyers' hands are still itching for fees,
Which makes the plain husbandman let out his farm,
To come up to London to eat bread and cheese,
While lawyers eat rost meat in Michaelmas Term.

The dainty fine girls that keep shop in the Change,
Against this quick season have been exercis'd,
To furnish their coffers with fashions all strange,—
The finest and rarest that can be devis'd;
They keep their old ditty,—sir, what is't you lack?—
Which country people are greedy to learn:
The husband must carry the wife some new knack,
Or else he's not welcome from Michaelmas Term.

The jovial Watermen trim up their botes,
And to be more plyant in plying their fares,
With strong beer and ale they do liquor their throats,
For which they will wander to the ale-house by pairs;
And, if the frost do not their labour prevent,
Abundance of money they daily will earn,
Which in the vacation will freely be spent,
And then they will think upon Michaelmas Term.

LIBRARY

The feather-heel'd wenches that live by their owne,
Who long have been needy, for want of good training;
For when all the gallants are gone out o' th' town,
O then these fine pinaces lack their due lading.
Therefore the vocation they rue like the rest,
Because neither dyet nor cloaths they can earne;
But now they're in hope well to feather their nest,—
They looke for good doings in Michaelmas Term.

Pick-pockets and Cheaters, with knights of the post,
Doe long for the term-time, like honester men;
Where concourse of people is, they doe get most,
With raking exploits, which they use now and then.
And yet if they chance to be got in the nick,
The Hangman next sessions will teach them a charm
Will cure their disease, be they never so sick;
O then will they think upon Michaelmas Term.

The court and the city, the country withall,
If you will behold a part of all three,
Then come at this time to Westminster Hall,
Where people from all parts assembled be:
And thus I'll conclude, as at first I began,
Experience all this for truth will confirm;
I hope I have given distaste to no man,
For I bid them all welcome to Michaelmas Term.

Printed for F. Coles, J. W. T. Vere, W. Gilbertson.

A USE OF EXHORTATION TO THE LONDON APPRENTICES: OR, A SECOND MESSAGE AFTER THEIR PETITION.

These lines, which are transcribed from a broadside in the British Museum, have no date, but are probably of the year 1643. At that time, and for some months previous, the apprentices had taken a great part in public affairs: they had assisted to fortify London against the royal army; they had drawn up petitions to parliament several times, and besieged the doors of the house in going to present them. After the battle of Edgehill, when the king retired to Oxford, the parliamentary army, under the Earl of Essex, was recruited out of the apprentices of London, who were encouraged by an ordinance of parliament that delivered them from the authority of their masters, and commanded their masters to receive them upon their return, with a clause to indemnify the masters out of the public purse for any damage they might sustain by their absence. In 1643, the king made an effort to gain over the Londoners and the apprentices, and wrote a letter, addressed to the lord mayor, aldermen, and all other well-affected citizens, with the view of effecting a reconciliation. These verses appear to have been printed at Oxford at the time, to aid the efforts of the king, and produce an impression upon that powerful body, the apprentices. The "carnation coats" and "lobsters" alluded to, are the soldiers of the Earl of Essex: and the mention of the doings in Exeter and Cornwall, shows that we must fix the date of this production shortly after the victories of the Cornish royalists. The petition of the apprentices may be seen in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. viii. page 593.

Young men, where are you now; what, fast asleep?
What, in a dream? or do you keep
Close to the fire-side, because 'tis cold?
Or (as your masters say) must you be told
Over and over? What are you blinde?
Besotted quite, or do you feare the winde?

Or have the gun-men plung'd you into fears?
Or are you frighted with their bandileers?
Why gaze you thus? like men distracted,
Looking at one another, and nothing acted:
Crying a lyon lurketh in the way:
When as 'tis but a lobster, whom (men say)
Turn him but o're and o're he'll turn to you;
Then turn for shame, O sluggards, least you rue
When 'tis too late;—be wise betimes,
Me thinks the countries valour should ring chimes:
Unless you stop your ears, you can't but hear
How Exiter and Cornwal banish fear;
They help for you to better your condition,
They hazard all to fulfill your petition;
Yet you won't help yourselves, I blush to see
Such pettie places venture more then we.
Then Prentices awake, awake for shame,
Be faint no more, all cowardize disclaim;
Disband feamality, let courage be your portion,
In such a case, vallour's the best devotion.
Petitions will not do, fare means are slighted,
You are compell'd at least, much more invited
To do the work yourselves; then since 'tis so,
Shew yourselves men, about the business go:
Time is a precious thing, forbear delay,
Whilst the sun shines, be sure to make your hay.
Fear not carnation coats, they are but men,
They'd rather eat then fight; not one in ten,
But (like self-seeking rascalls) are so evil,
For six-pence more they'd list unto the devil.

Then blades revive, thus far I dare aspire,
You may yourselves accomplish your desire;
The day's your own, and such is your condition,
Yourselves may quickly grant your own petition.
Till these things come to pass, till this we see,
Serve Jacob's prentiship, you shan't be free.
Till men have noble hearts, till youths grow bold,
Till men do one another's good uphold,
Till valour springs, till courage doth increase,
Till wrong have right, expect no settled peace:
Here's arguments enough, if you be wise,
Reduce your honour, though you lose your eyes,
Uphold your trade, maintain the good old cause,
Uncoat the lobsters, take away their clawes.

Take this for all, I have no more to say,
I am the guide to put you in the way:
Here's the right path, hang him that goes astray.

J. E. App;—

Oxford: Printed for Carolus Adolphus.

ROBIN CONSCIENCE:

OR, CONSCIONABLE ROBIN, HIS PROGRESS THROUGH COURT, CITY, AND COUNTRY, WITH HIS BAD ENTERTAINMENT AT EACH SEVERAL PLACE.

This ballad, which is of peculiar value to all who are interested in the topography of London, was, it would appear, first published at Edinburgh, in 1683, in a small duodecimo tract of

twenty-four pages, and has been since (very incorrectly) printed in the first volume of the Harleian Miscellany. The local allusions are interesting at this distance of time, and the satire is of such a character as never to be out of date. The idea seems to have been suggested by Lydgate's ballad of "London Lackpenny."

I HAVE been quite through England wide
With many a faint and weary stride,
To see what people there abide
that love me,
Poor Robin Conscience is my name,
Sore vexéd with reproach and blame,
For all wherever yet I came
reprove me.

Few now endure my presence here,
I shall be banishd quite I fear,
I am despiséd every where,
and scornéd,
Yet is my fortune now and then
To meet some good woman or man,
Who have (when they my woes did scan)
sore mournéd.

To think that conscience is despised,
Which ought to be most highly prized,
This trick the devil hath devised
to blind men,
'Cause Conscience tells them of their ways,
Which are so wicked now-a-days,
They stop their ears to what he says;—
unkind men!

I first of all went to the court,
Where lords and ladies did resort,
My entertainment there was short;—
cold welcome!
As soon as e'er my name they heard,
They ran away full sore afear'd,
And thought some goblin had appear'd
from hell come.

"Conscience," quoth one, "begone with speed,
The court few of thy name doth breed,
We of thy presence have no need;—
be walking;
Thou tell'st us of our pride and lust,
Which spite of thee we follow must.
(So out of court was Conscience thrust)
no talking.

Thus banished from the court I went,
To Westminster incontinent,
Where I alas was sorely shent
for coming,
The lawyers did against me plead,
"'Twas no great matter," some there said,
"If Conscience quite were knock'd in th' head;
Then running

From them I fled with winged haste;
They did so threaten me to baste,
Thought it was vain my breath to waste
in counsel.

For lawyers cannot me abide,
Because for falsehood I them chide,
And he that holds not on their side
must down still.

Unto the city hied I then,
To try what welcome there, trades-men
Would give poor Robin Conscience; when
I came there
The shop-keepers that use deceit
Did come about me and did threat,
Unless I would begone, to beat
me lame there.

And every one, both high and low,
Held Conscience as a mortal foe
Because he doth ill vices show
each minute.
Therefore the City in uproar
Against me rose, and me so tore
That I'm resolved I'll never more
come in it.

On Friday I to Smithfield went,
Where being come incontinent,
The horse-coursers with one consent
did chide me;
They said that I was not myself,
And said I was a pinching elf,
And they could get more store of pelf,
beside me.

I told them of a cheating trick
Which makes the horses run and kick,
By putting in an eel that's quick
i' th' belly,
Another which they use full oft
To bear their lame jades' heads aloft,
And beat their buttocks till they're soft
as jelly.

I told them that their wealth would rot,
That they by cheating men thus got,
But they for this same tale, would not
abide me,
And charged me quickly to be gone,
Quoth they, "Of Conscience we use none,"
Those whom I follow with my mone
out-ride me.

From thence I stepp'd into Long Lane,
Where many brokers did remain,
To try how they would entertain
poor Conscience;
But my name when I to them told,
The women did begin to scold,
The men said, "They that word did hold
but nonsense."

For Conscience is so hard a word
That scarce the broker can afford
To read it, for his mouth is stored
with lying;

He knows not what this Conscience means,
That is no cause unto his gains,
Thus I was scornéd for my pains;
all crying,

" Away with Conscience from this lane,
For we his presence do disdain":—
They said if I came there again
among them,
They said they'd band me back and side;
Being menacéd, away I hied;
Thus worldlings think, that when I chide,
I wrong them.

Among the butchers then went I;
As soon as e'er they did me spy,
They threaten'd me most spitefully
to kill me;
Quoth one, " If Conscience here should dwell
We were not able to live well,
Nor could we gain by the meat we sell;—
nor will we

Be bound to follow Conscience nice,
Which would confine us to a price;
Robin, be rul'd by my advice,
(quoth he then)
And get thee to some other place;
We hate to look thee in the face:"
I, hearing this, from them a-pace
did flee then.

To Newgate market went I then,
Where country-women, maids, and men,
Were selling needful things; and when
they saw me,
At me the butter-woman rails
Whose butter weigh'd not down the scales;
Another comes, and with her nails
did claw me.

The bakers which stood in a row,
Began to brawl at me also,
And chargéd me away to go,
because I
Told them they did make lesser bread;—
Did not the laws put them in dread;—
There's some of them would wish them dead,
might laws die.

Thus chid of them, my way I took
Unto Pye-corner, where a cook
Glanc'd at me as the devil did look
o'er Lincoln.
" Conscience," quoth he, " thou shew'st not wit
In coming to this place unfit;
I'll run thee thorow with a spit;
then think on

Those words to thee which I have said,
I cannot well live by my trade,
If I should still require thy aid
in selling:

Sometimes one joint I must roast thrice
Ere I can sell it at my price;
Then here's for thee (who art so nice)
No dwelling."

Perforce he drove me backward still,
Until I came unto Snow-hill;
The sale-men there, with voices shrill
fell on me.
I was so irksome in their sight,
That they conjuréd me to flight,
Or else they swore, (such was their spight)
"They'd stone me."

At Turn-again Lane the fish-wives there
And wenches did so rail and swear,
Quoth they, "No Conscience shall come here,
we hate him;"
Their bodges which for half-pecks go
They vowéd at my head to throw;
No Conscience they were bred to know,
but prating.

Away thus frighted by these scolds,
To Fleet Street straight my love it holds,
Where men whose tongues were made in moulds
of flattery,
Did cry, "What lack you, countryman?"
But seeing me away they ran,
As though the enemy had began
his battery.

One said to others, " Sir, ill news,
Here Conscience comes us to abuse,
Let us his presence all refuse
together,
And boldly stand against him all;
We ne'er had use of him, nor shall
He live with us;—what chance did call
him hither?"

The haberdashers that sell hats
Hit Robin Conscience many pats,
And like a company of cats
they scratch'd him;
Quoth they, " Why com'st thou unto us?
We love not Conscience," rufing thus,
They gave him words opprobrious,
and match'd him.

The mercers and silk-men also,
That live in Paternoster Row,
Their hate against poor Conscience show,
and when I
Came to that place they all did set
On me, 'cause I their gain would let,
Who will both swear and lie to get
one penny.

From thence unto Cheapside I past,
Where words in vain I long did waste,
Out of the place I soon was chas'd;
quoth one man,

"Conscience, for thy presumption base,
Intruding to this golden place,
Thou death deserv'st, therefore a-pace
begone man!

Think'st thou that we have so much gold
Before our eyes still to behold,
Will this by Conscience be controll'd
and curbéd;
Oh! no, poor fellow, haste away,
For if long in this place thou stay,
Thou shalt be (I'll be bold to say)
disturbéd."

From thence I turned down Bread Street,
A cheese-monger I there did meet,
He hied away with winged feet
to shun me;
"How now," quoth I, "why run ye so?"
Quoth he, "Because I well do know
That thou art Conscience my old foe;—
thou'st done me

Great wrong: while I made use of thee,
And dealt with all men honestly,
A rich man I could never be;
but since then
I banish'd have thy company,
And us'd deceit with those that buy,
I thrive, and therefore, Robin, hie
thee hence then."

I left him with his bad intent,
And unto Fish Street straight I went,
Among those lads who wish that Lent
were all year,
As soon as e'er they me espy'd,
They all at once upon me cry'd,
And swore that " Conscience should not guide
a stall there."

I seeing things thus seeming strange
That all men did from goodness range,
Did hie me straight to the Exchange.
A merchant
Was so affrighted when I came,
That presently he blush'd for shame,
His countenance did show the same
in searchant.

Quoth he, " Friend Robin, what dost thou
Here among us merchants now?
Our business will not allow
to use thee;
For we have traffic without thee,
And thrive best if thou absent be;—
I for my part will utterly
refuse thee."

Now I, being thus abus'd below,
Did walk up stairs, where on a row
Brave shops of ware did make a show
most sumptuous.

But, when the shop-folk me did spy,
They drew their dark light instantly,
And said, in coming there, was I
presumptuous.

The gallant girls that there sold knacks
Which ladies and brave women lacks,
When they did see me, they did wax
in choler.
Quoth they, "we ne'er knew Conscience yet,
And, if he comes our gains to let,
We'll banish him; he'll here not get
one scholar."

I, being jeeréd thus and scorn'd,
Went down the stairs, and sorely mourn'd
To think that I should thus be turn'd
a begging.
To Grace-church-street I went along,
Where dwell a great ungracious throng,
That will deceive both old and young
with cogging:

As drapers, poulterers, and such
Who think they never get too much;
The word Conscience to them is Dutch,
or Spanish;
And harder too, for speech they'll learn,
With all their heart, to serve their turn,
But Conscience, when they him discern,
they banish.

I, seeing all the city given
To use deceit, in spight of heaven,
To leave their company I was driven
perforce then;
So over London bridge in haste,
I,—hiss'd and scoff'd of all men,—past;
Then I to Southwark took, at last,
my course then.

When I came there, I hoped to find
Welcome according to my mind;
But they are rather more unkind
than London.
All sorts of men and women, there,
Ask'd how I durst to them appear,
And swore my presence they would clear
abandon.

Then I, being sore athirst, did go
Into an alehouse in the Row,
Meaning a penny to bestow
on strong beer;
But, 'cause I for a quart did call,
My hostess swore, "she'd bring me small,
Or else I should have none at all."
Thus wrong'd there,

I bade her on her licence look,
"Oh sir," quoth she, "ye are mistook,
I have a lesson without book
most perfect:

If I my licence should observe,
And not in any point to swerve,
Both I and mine, alas! should starve,
not surfeit.

"Instead of a quart-pot of pewter,
I fill small jugs, and need no tutor;
I quart'ridge give to the geometer*
most duly;
And he will see, and yet be blind;
A knave, made much of, will be kind,
If you be one, sir, tell your mind
most truly."

"No, no," quoth I, "I am no knave,
No fellowship with such I have;
My name is Robin Conscience, brave,
that wander
From place to place, in hope that some
Will as a servant give me room;
But all abuse me, where I come,
with slander."

Now, when my hostess heard me tell
My name, she swore "I should not dwell
With her, for I would make her sell
full measure."

---

* The gauger.

She did conjure me to depart;
" Hang Conscience," quoth she, " give me art
I have not got, by a penny a quart,
my treasure."—

So out of doors I went with speed,
And glad she was to be thus freed
Of Conscience, that she thence might speed
in frothing.
To the King's Bench I needs would go;
The jailor did me backward throw:
Quoth he, " For Conscience here ye know
is nothing."

Through Blackman Street I went, where whores
Stood gazing, there at many doors,—
There two or three bawds against me roars
most loudly:
And bade me to get thence apace,
Or else they'd claw me by the face;
They swore they scorn'd me and all grace.
Most proudly

I walk'd into St. George's field,
Where rooking rascals I beheld,
That all the year their hopes did build
on cheating;
They were close playing at nine pins,—
I came and told them of their sins,
Then one among the rest begins,
intreating

That I would not torment them so.—
I told them that I would not go:
" Why then," quoth he, " Ill let thee know
we care not;
And yet we'll banish thee perforce."
Then he began to swear and curse;
And said, " Prate on till thou art hoarse,
and spare not."

I left them in their wickedness,
And went along in great distress,
Bewailing of my bad success
and speed.
A windmill standing there hard by,
Towards the same then passéd I,
But when the miller did me spy,
he cryéd,

" Away with Conscience, I'll none such,
That dwell with honesty so much,
I shall not quickly fill my hutch
by due toll;
But must, for every bushel of meal
A peck, if not three gallons, steal;
Therefore with thee I will not deal,
thou true soul."

Then leaving cities, skirts and all,
Where my welcome it was but small,
I went to try what would befall
i' th' country.

There thought I to be entertain'd
But I was likewise there disdain'd,
As long as bootless I complain'd
to th' gentry.

And yet no service could I have;
Yet, if I would have play'd the knave,
I might have had maintainance brave
among them.
Because that I was Conscience poor,
Alas! they thrust me out of door,—
For Conscience many of them swore
did wrong them.

Then went I to the yeomanry,
And farmers all of the country,
Desiring them most heartily
to take me:
I told them I would sell their corn
Unto the poor; but they did turn
Me out of doors, and with great scorn
forsake me.

One said, "He had no use of me
To sell his corn; for, I (quoth he)
Must not be only rul'd by thee
in selling.
If I shall Conscience entertain,
He'd make me live in crossing gain,—
Here is for thee, I tell thee plain,
no dwelling."

Thus from the rich men of the world
Poor Conscience up and down is hurl'd;—
Like angry curs at me they snarl'd,
and check'd me.
Alas! what shall I do? thought I.
Poor Robin, must I starve and die?
Aye, that I must, if nobody
respect me.

At last I to myself bethought
Where I must go, and heaven brought
Me to a place where poor folks wrought
most sorely;
And there they entertained me well,
With whom I ever mean to dwell,
With them to stay it thus befel,
though poorly.

Thus people that do labour hard
Have Robin Conscience in regard,
For which they shall have their reward
in heaven;
For all their sorrows here on earth,
They shall be filléd with true mirth,—
Crowns shall to them at second birth
be given.

And all these caitiffs that deny'd
To entertain him for their guide,
When they by Conscience shall be tried
and judgéd,

Then will they wish that they had us'd
Poor Conscience, whom they have refus'd,—
Whose company they have abus'd
and grudgéd.

Thus Robin Conscience, that hath had,
Amongst most men a welcome bad,
He now hath found to make him glad,
abiding
'Mong honest folks that hath no lands,
But get their living with their hands,
These are the friends that to him stands
and's guiding.

These still keep Conscience from grim death,
And ne'er gainsay what'er he saith;
These lead their lives so here beneath,
that dying,
They may ascend from poverty
To glory and great dignity,
Where they shall live and never die;
while frying

In hell the wicked lie, who would
Not use true Conscience as they should.
This is but for a moral told
you; in it
He that observes may somewhat spy
That savours of divinity,—
For conscionable folks do I
begin it.

And so I'll bring all to an end:—
It can no honest man offend,
For those that Conscience do defend,
it praises.
And if that any gall'd jade kick,
The author hath devis'd a trick,
To turn him loose, i' th' fields to pick
up daisies.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT TOM AND DICK:

THE FORMER A COUNTRYMAN, THE OTHER A CITIZEN, PRESENTED TO HIS EXCELLENCY AT THE COUNCIL OF STATE, DRAPERS' HALL, IN LONDON, MARCH 28, 1660.

To the Tune of "I'll never love thee more."

THE tune of "I'll never love thee more" is found in "The English Dancing Master," 4to. 1651, and in at least ten more editions of the same work. "I'll never love thee more" is the burden of the Marquess of Montrose's celebrated song, beginning "My dear and only love, I pray," which is reprinted in Evans' Collection of Old Ballads, 8vo. 1810. The following ballad, from a broadside in the collection in the British Museum, in three volumes, folio, under the press-mark 643M, is a loyalist effusion, made immediately prior to the restoration of Charles II, when General Monk, the "George" so vaunted by Dick in every stanza, was in the height of his popularity. In the previous year, the citizens, uncertain whether to side with the parliament or make a stand against it, and greatly apprehensive of a civil war, declined for a time to declare either for the parliament or the army. The apprentices, however, were more decided in their opinions, and assembled in great numbers about the doors of the House of Commons, and in the streets of the city, declaring that

they would have a free parliament. Colonel Hughson marched against them with a company of troops, and a conflict ensued, in which several of the apprentices were slain. The proceeding was very unpopular in the city, and a violent outcry was raised against the army. The Committee of Safety afterwards applied to the city for a loan, which was denied, the citizens at the same time boldly objecting to their authority, and declaring their intention to submit to no imposition that was not commanded by a freely chosen parliament. General Monk was immediately ordered to march into the city and reduce it to obedience. He posted regiments at all the gates,—the posts and chains were pulled down,—the portcullises at Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, and Aldgate taken away, and the other gates taken off and their hinges destroyed. Eight members of the Common Council and two aldermen were also made prisoners, together with a great number of apprentices and other riotous young men. Monk afterwards saw reason to regret his severity against the city, and mistrusting the parliament, in whose name he had acted, he thought it prudent, in the interest of the king, to make peace again with the Londoners. Having drawn up his army in Finsbury Fields, he sent a message to the Lord Mayor, in which he expressed his sorrow for what he had done to the prejudice of the city, and desired the favour of a conference with his lordship and the Common Council, that he might make reparation for his late error. They met accordingly, and the result was that friendship was sworn between them, and the doom of the famous, or infamous, Rump Parliament was sealed. "This coalition," says Entick, in his History of London, vol. ii. p. 240, "was no sooner published in the city but an universal joy and rejoicing spread over all, with ringing of bells, acclamations, bonfires, and illuminations. At the same time they breathed out the most contemptible tokens and signs of scorn and ridicule against the parliament. There was scarce a bonfire where a rump was not roasted, or something resembling a rump, to celebrate the parliament's funeral obsequies." Monk was now as popular in the city as he was formerly detested; and between this time and the return of Charles II, was a frequent visitor to one or other of the city halls, to deliberate with the lord mayor and corporation upon the exigencies of the times. Maitland says, book i. p. 285, that "at this time strong nightly guards were kept in the city,

with the chains drawn across the streets till the morning; and by day frequent entertainments were made by the several companies at their halls for regaling the Council of State, the general (Monk), and his principal officers. The entertainment, commemorated in the title of the following ballad, took place only seventeen days before the celebrated letter of Charles II was written to the citizens from Breda.

Tom. Now would I give my life to see
This wondrous man of might,
Dick, dost thou see that jolly lad? That's he,
I'le warrant him he's right.
There's a true Trojan in his face;
Observe him o'er and o'er.
Dick. Come, Tom, if ever George be base
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

He's none of that phantastique brood
That murther while they pray;
That trusse and cheat us, for our good,
(All in a godly way);
He drinkes no bloud, and they no sack
Into their gutts will poure,
But if George does not do the knack,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

His quiet conscience needs no guard,
He's brave, but full of pitty.
Tom. Yet, by your leave, he knock'd so hard,
H'ad like t'awak'd the city.

Dick. Foole, 'twas the Rump that let a f—t,
The chaynes and gates it tore,
But if George bears not a true heart,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. Your city-blades are cunning rookes,
How rarely you collogue him!
But when your gates flew off the hookes,
You did as much be-rogue him.
Dick. Pugh—'twas the Rump did onely feele,
The blowes the city bore;
But if George be'nt as true as steele,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Dick. Come, by this hand, we'll crack a quart,
Thou'll pledge his health, I trow:
Tom. Tope, boy! *Dick*—A lusty dish my heart,
Away wi't! *Tom*—Let it go.
Drench me your slave in a full bowle,
I'll take 't an 'twere a score.
Dick. Nay, if George be'nt a hearty soule,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. But heark you, sirrah, we're too loud,
He'll hang us by and by.
Methinks, he should be vengeance proud?
Dick. No more than thou or I.
Tom. Why, then, I'le give him the best blade
That e'er the Bilbo wore.
Dick. If George prove not a bonny lad,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd mawll'd the tayle;
We've all throwne up our farmes;
And from the musket to the flayle
Put all our men in armes.
The girles had ta'ne the Members down
Ne're saw such things before.
Dick. If George speak not the town our owne,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Dick. But, prethee, are the folks so mad—
Tom. So mad, say'st,—They're undone,
There's not a penny to be had;
And ev'ry mother's sonne
Must fight if he intend to eate,
Grow valliant now he is poore.
Dick. Come—yet if George don't do the feate,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. Why, Richard, 'tis a devilish thing,
We're not left worth a groate,
My Doll has sold her wedding ring,
And Sue has pawn'd her coate.
The sniv'ling rogues abus'd our squire,
And call'd his mistresse whore.
Dick. Yet—if George don't what we desire,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. By this good day; I did but speak,
They took my py-ball'd mare;
And put the carrion wench to th' squeak,
(Things go against the hair).

Our prick-ear'd cor'nell looks as bigg'
Still as he did before.
Dick. And yet if George do'nt humme his gigg,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Faith, Tom; our case is much at one;
We're broke for want of trade;
Our city's baffled, and undone,
Betwixt the Rump and blade.
We've emptied both our veines and baggs
Upon a factious score:
If George compassion not our raggs
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. But what dost think should be the cause
Whence all these mischiefs spring?
Dick. Our damned breach of oaths and lawes,
Our murther of the king.
We have been slaves since Charles his reign,
We liv'd like lords before.
If George do'nt set all right again,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Tom. Our vicar—(and he's one that knows)
Told me once—I know what;—
(And yet the thief is woundy close).
Dick. 'Tis all the better;—That
Has too much honesty and witt
To let his tongue runne o'er;
If this prove not a lucky hit,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

Shall's ask him, what he means to doe?
Tom. Good faith, with all my heart;
Thou mak'st the better leg o' th' two;
Take thou the better part.
I'll follow, if thou'lt lead the van.
Dick. Content—I'll march before,
If George prove not a gallant man,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

My Lord—in us the nation craves,
But what you're bound to doe.
Tom. We have liv'd drudges; *Dick.*—And we slaves;
Both. We would not die so too.
Restore us but our lawes agen:
Th'unborn shall thee adore;
If George denies us his Amen,
Ne're trust good fellow more. } *Chorus.*

A BALLAD IN PRAISE OF LONDON PRENTICES AND WHAT THEY DID AT THE COCKPITT PLAY-HOUSE, IN DRURY LANE.

THE London prentices, at the time of the Revolution, laid claim not only to great valour but to great piety. "On Shrove Tuesday, March 4th, 1617," says Mr. J. P. Collier, in his "History of English Dramatic Poetry and Annals of the Stage," vol. i. p. 401; "some riots occurred in Lincoln's Inn Fields (then an open space unoccupied by houses) and in Drury Lane, where the mob, among whom the apprentices appear, as usual, to have been especially active, made an attack upon the Cockpit Theatre. Camden, in his Annals, states that they pulled it down and

destroyed the wardrobe; but according to the account of this circumstance in the Privy Council Register, which was drawn up on the following day, the mob only attempted to pull it down. However there is no doubt they did considerable damage, and that several lives were lost in the fray. The apprentices of London from time immemorial had claimed, or at least exercised, the right of attacking and demolishing houses of ill fame on Shrove Tuesday; and, in this instance, they carried their zeal for morals a degree farther." In the Collection of Ballads in the British Museum, which will be found under the press-mark 643M, there are two or three other ballads relating to the demolition of the houses of ill-fame by the apprentices, and the complaints made by their frail tenants of the rigid righteousness of the young men, but they are too gross for publication.

The Prentices of London long
Have famous been in story,
But now they are exceeding all
Their chronicles of glory:
Looke backe, some say, to other day,
But I say looke before ye,
And see the deed they have now done,
Tom Brent and Johnny Cory.

Tom Brent said then to his merry men,
"Now whoop my men and hollow,
And to the Cockpitt let us goe,—
I'll lead you like brave Rollow."
Then Johnny Corry answered straight,
In words much like Apollo;
"Lead, Tommy Brent, incontinent,
And we'll be sure to follow."

Three score of these brave prentices,
All fit for workes of wonder,
Rush'd down the plaine of Drury Lane,
Like lightning and like thunder:
And there each dore, with hundreds more,
And windows burst asunder;
And to the tire-howse broke they in,
Which some began to plunder.

"Now hold your handes, my merry men,"
Said Tom; "for I assure ye,
Who so begin to steale shall win
Mee both for judge and jury:
And eke for executioner,
Within this lane of Drury;
But teare and rend, I'll stand your frend,
And will uphold your fury."

King Priam's robes were soon in rags,
And broke his gilded scepter;
False Cressid's hood, that was so good
When loving Troylus kept her:
Besse Brydges gowne, and Muli's crowne,
Who would ful faine have lept her:
Had Theseus seene them use his queene
So ill, he had bewept her.

Books old and young on heap they flung,
And burnt them in the blazes,—
Tom Dekker, Haywood, Middleton,
And other wand'ring crayzes.

Poor Daye that daye not scapte awaye;
And what still more amazes,
Immortall Cracke* was burnt all blacke,
Which every bodie praises.

Now sing we laude with one accord,
To these most *digni laude*,
Who thus intend to bring to end
All that is vile and bawdie;
All players and whores thrust out a' dores,
Seductive both and gawdie,
And praise we these bold prentices
Cum voce et cum corde.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE TWO LADIES OF FINSBURY, THAT GAVE MOORFIELDS TO THE CITY, FOR THE MAIDENS OF LONDON TO DRY CLOATHS.

To the Tune of "Where is my true love."

From the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses." The ballad is also inserted in Evans' Collection, vol. iii. p. 318.

You gallant London damsels,
Awhile to me give ear,

---

* "Regarding this person, or play," says Mr. Collier, "whichever it might be, I can give no information."

And be you well contented
With what you now shall hear.
The deeds of two kind ladies
Before you shall appear;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

At Finsbury there dwellêd
A noble gallant knight,
That for the love of Jesus Christ
Desired for to fight:
And so unto Jerusalem
He went in armour bright.
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And chargéd both his daughters
Unmarried to remain,
Till he from blessed Palestine
Returnéd back again:
And then two loving husbands
For them he would attain;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

When he was gone from fair England
A knight of Rhodes to be,
His daughters they were well content,
Though born of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate
Of living orderly;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

The eldest of the two was nam'd
Fair Mary, as is said,
Who made a secret vow to God
To live and die a maid;
And so a true professéd nun
Herself with speed array'd,—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

Her garments were of mourning black,
Befitting her desires,
Where at the house of Bethlehem
The abbess she requires,
An entertainment to be made
To their melodious quires;—
Oh sweet singing maids so fair!

Where in the nunnery she remained
Belovéd many a year,
Still spending day and night in prayers
For her old father dear,—
Refusing worldly vanities
With joy and pleasant cheer;—
Oh heavenly blest maidens so fair!

And in the name of Jesus Christ
A holy cross did build,
Which some have seen at Bedlam-gate,
Adjoining to Moorfield:
These be the blesséd springing fruits
That chastity doth yield;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

"If that England's great royal queen
I should be made," quoth she,
"Not half so well contented then,
Good ladies should I be;
There is no life that's half so sweet
As virgin life, I see:"
Oh maidens of London so fair!

"Nor will I taste the joys of love
Belong to marriage bed,
Nor to a king consent to yield
My blooming maidenhead,
Till from my father I do hear
To be alive or dead;"
Oh maidens of London so fair!

So virgin-like she spent her days
About this pleasant spring,
And us'd herself from time to time
Upright in every thing;
Which caused the ladies of this land
Her noble praise to sing;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

The younger of the sisters, nam'd
Dame Annis, fair and clear,
Who framéd there a pleasant well,
By her esteeméd dear;
Where wives and maidens daily came
To wash, from far and near;
Oh heaven-blest maidens so fair!

In it were all her earthly joys,
  Her comfort and delight;
About the same remaining still
  With pleasure day and night,
As glorious as the golden sun,
  In all his beams so bright;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

The lovely ladies of the land
  Unto Dame Annis went,
Persuading her this single life
  Was not the best content;
The married sort doth most commend,
  Being still to pleasures bent;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And daily troops of London dames
  Unto her did repair,
With purest lawn and cambric fine
  To wash both clean and fair;
And rich embroidered furnitures
  Of child-bed linen rare;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

Thus livéd these two sisters here,
  As you have heard it told,
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks,
  And made them wrinkled old;
Then of their father news was brought
  How he was wrapt in mould;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

For the King of England soon
The Duke of Normandy,
Returnéd from Jerusalem
With fame and victory;
And brought their father's heart in lead
Here buried for to be;—
Oh maidens of London so fair!

This heart that spilt its dearest blood
For Jesus Christ in heaven,
Being thus unto his daughters twain
In kindness brought and given,
Was mournéd for three hundred days,
From morning until even;
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And then with lamentations,
Sweet maidens, being weary,
Their aged father's noble heart
Most solemnly did bury;
And gave the place their father's name,
As says our English story:
Oh maidens of London so fair!

Old Sir John Fines he had the name,
Being buried in that place,
Now, since then, called Finsbury,
To his renown and grace;
Which time to come shall not outwear,
Nor yet the same deface:
Oh maidens of London so fair!

And likewise when those maidens died,
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely build.
And now are made most pleasant walks,
That great contentment yield
To maidens of London so fair!

Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their cloaths
May hither still repair;
For that intent most freely given,
By these two damsels fair,
Unto the maidens of London for ever!

A NEW SONG, ON THE INSTALMENT OF SIR JOHN MOOR LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

To the Tune of "St. George for England."

From a "Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678, and intermixed with several new Love Songs. The Fourth Edition, with many Additions. London, printed and to be sold by Richard Butt, in Princess Street, in Covent Garden. 1694." These loyal songs appear, from the initials N. T. to the preface, to have been collected by Nathaniel Thompson, who says that the malice of the opposite party "swelled so high against him, that he was imprisoned six times; so that for above six years he was never free from trouble, having seldom less than three or four indictments at a session against him; at other times, informations in the Crown Office, which villainous contrivances of their agents cost him at least £500 in money, besides the loss of his trade and reputation. The principal

crimes alleged against him were—'Let Oliver now be forgotten,' a song; 'A Hue and Cry after Titus Oates when turned from Whitehall;' 'The Character of an ignoramus Doctor;' 'A Dialogue between the Devil and the Doctor;' and 'The Prisoners' Lamentation for the Loss of Sheriff Bethel.'"

Towards the end of the reign of King Charles II, the more than suspected popery of the king, and the avowed popery of the heir to the throne, were the occasion of violent contests for all the municipal offices for the city of London. Sir Patience Ward, the late lord mayor, was a violent enemy of the court; and at the expiration of his mayoralty, great efforts were made by the friends of the king and the Duke of York, to secure sheriffs as fully attached to their side as the next in rotation to the chair (Sir John Moor) was known to be. The lord mayor, in accordance with an ancient custom, drank to Mr. Dudley North, at the Bridge House feast, by which this person was nominated as one of the sheriffs. Another gentleman in the court interest, named Box, was also nominated; and two, named Papilion and Dubois, on the popular side, being proposed, a hot contest for the office took place, which ended, after many squabbles, in the election of the latter,—the crowd following them, great numbers shouting "God bless the protestant sheriffs—God bless Papilion and Dubois." Some disturbance having taken place at the polling-booth, Sir John Moor complained to the king and council of being jostled and insulted. In consequence, the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, were ordered to attend the Privy Council on the Monday following, and the lord mayor having made his complaint, the late sheriffs, Pilkington and Shute, and Mr. Alderman Cornish, were committed prisoners to the Tower, and the attorney-general was ordered to prosecute with the utmost rigour of the law all persons implicated in the late disturbances. Several persons were arrested, whose trial came on shortly afterwards, before the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, in the King's Bench, at Guildhall. The following were found guilty, and fined in the undermentioned sums:—Alderman Cornish, the late sheriffs, and the Lord Gray, were fined 1,000 marks each; four other influential citizens, named Pilkington, Player, Swinock, and Goodenough, 500 marks each; one, named Deagle, 400 marks; two, named Jenkes and Freeman, 300 marks each; one, named Jekyll, 200 marks; and two, named Keys and Wickham, 100 marks each.

You London lads rejoyce,
And cast away your care,
Since with one heart and voice
Sir John is chosen Mayor;
The famous Sir John Moor,
Lord Mayor of London town,
To your eternal praise
Shall stand a subject of renown
Amongst your famous worthies,
Who have been most esteem'd;
For Sir John, Sir John,
Your honour hath redeem'd.
Sir John he's for the king's right,
Which rebels would destroy,
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When with a Hide-bound mayor
The town was in distraction,
Sir John clapt in the chair,
And cur'd the hall of faction;
He to the people shew'd
Their duty and allegiance,
How to the sacred king and laws
They pay their due obedience.
Sir George unto the people
A loyal speech did give;
But Sir John, Sir John,
Your honour did retrieve.
Sir John is for allegiance,
Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When thou wast last, O London,
In faction and sedition;
By Whigs and zealots are undone,
While they were in commission;
When treason, like Old Noll's brigade,
Did gallop through the town,
And loyalty (a tyr'd jade)
Had cast her rider down;
The famous Sir George Jeffrys
Your charter did maintain;
But Sir John, Sir John,
Restor'd your fame again.
Sir John, he is for monarchy,
Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When the mayor with sheriffs mounted,
And jealousies contriv'd,
And all the town run after,
As if the devil driv'd;
Then famous Sir John Moor
Thy loyalty restor'd,
And noble Sir George Jeffrys
Who did the acts record;
Sir George of all the heroes
Deserves the foremost place;
But Sir John, Sir John,
Hath got the sword and mace;
Sir John, he is for justice,
Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience wou'd have the court
  Submit unto the city,
White-Hall stoop unto the Change,
  And is not that a pity?
Sheriff Bethel (save allegiance)
  Thinks nothing a transgression:
Sir Tom rails at the lawful prince,
  Sir Bob at the succession;
While still the brave Sir George
  Does their fury interpose.
But Sir John, Sir John,
  Maintains the royal cause.
Sir John is for His Highness
  Whom rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience is for a parliament,
  Sheriff Bethel a petition,
Instead of an address
  Cramm'd brim full of sedition.
Sir Tom he is for liberty
  Against prerogative;
Sir Bob is for the subject's right,
  But will not justice give;
And brave Sir George does all
  Their famous deeds record:
But Sir John, Sir John,
  Your loyalty restor'd.
Sir John, he's for the int'rest
  Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Patience he calls for justice,
And then the wretch will sham us;
Sheriff Bethel he packs a jury
Well vers'd in ignoramus:
Sir Tom would hang the Tory,
And let the Whig go free;
Sir Bob wou'd have a commonwealth,
And cry down monarchy.
While still the brave Sir George
Does all their deeds record;
But Sir John, Sir John,
Your loyalty restor'd;
Sir John he is for justice,
Which rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

And may such loyal mayors,
As honest sheriffs find;
Such sheriffs find a jury
Will to the king be kind;
And may the king live long
To rule such people here;
And may ye such a Lord Mayor find
And Sheriffs every year:
That traytors may receive
The justice of the laws,
While Sir John, Sir John,
Maintains the royal cause;
Sir John is for the king still,
Whom rebels would destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

LOYALTY TRIUMPHANT.

ON THE CONFIRMATION OF MR. NORTH AND MR. RICH.

Tune,—"Joy to the bridegroom."

From the same collection as the preceding, and relating to the same circumstances. Mr. North and Mr. Box, the defeated candidates at the Common Hall, were returned by the lord mayor to the Court of Aldermen, as the duly elected sheriffs, upon pretence of the illegality of the former proceedings, already alluded to. The citizens petitioned the Court of Aldermen to swear in Papilion and Dubois, the protestant sheriffs, as they were called, but the aldermen refused. Mr. Box, however, fearing that if he served the office riots might ensue, declined, and was fined the usual sum. The court party thereupon, aided by the influence of the lord mayor, returned Mr. Peter Rich, the person alluded to in the ballad, and he and Mr. North were sworn accordingly. In Entick's "History and Survey of London," vol. ii. page 316, are the following remarks relative to these memorable proceedings:—"All this strife about sheriffs, was not in favour of any particular men; the court had deep views. By securing sheriffs of London in their interest, they secured juries to acquit or condemn whom they pleased,—to favour or ruin. Under which influence we find the juries that found Lord Russell (Lord William Russell) guilty of treason; that fined Alderman Pilkington £100,000, for saying 'that the Duke of York had fired the city, and was now come to cut their throats,' upon the information of Sir William Hooker and Sir Henry Tulse, Aldermen; and brought in Sir Patience Ward guilty of perjury, because he, upon the trial of Alderman Pilkington, swore he did not hear him say the words above recited, though he was present at the time Hooker and Tulse swore that he said them."

Fill up the bowl, and set it round,
The day is won, the Sheriff's crown'd,
The rabble flies, the tumults yield;
And loyalty maintains the field:

Saint George for England, then amain
To royal James the ocean drain.

With justice may it ever flow,
And in an endless circle go;
The brim with conqu'ring bays be crown'd,
And faction in the dregs be drown'd:
Then to the Queen and royal James
Sacrifice your flowing Thames.

Thanks to Sir John, our good Lord Mayor,
'Gainst Sheriffs' tricks he kept the Chair;
The Court and City's rights maintains,
While head-strong faction broke the reins;
Then to the famous Sir John Moor;
May after-age that name adore.

What zeal (ye whigs) to the old cause,
Thus makes you act against the laws;
That none for Sheriff must contend,
But your old ignoramus friend ?
But now, your hopes are all destroy'd,
And your two champions laid aside.

Is this your love to Church and State,
That no good man must serve of late,
While you can find one factious rogue
To sway the poll, and get the vogue;
By unjust means your rights you claim,
And lawless force maintain the same.

But brave Sir John, while th' storms increase,
His wisdom made the tumults cease;
In spight of all illegal poll,
The routs and ryotts did control;
Whence he shall gain a lasting name,
And after-age record his fame.

Amongst the men of chiefest worth,
The vote is given for loyal North:
In spight of Pilkington and Sh——
Papillion, and the rabble rout.
Then to brave North a double dose,
Who the strong factions did oppose.

Now Box withdraw, Dubois contends,
And noble Rich the stage ascends;
By legal ('gainst illegal) vote,
The loyal Tribune they promote;
Then, to brave Rich a help of hand,
Who the loud tumults did withstand.

For ropes and gibbets the next year,
The whigs (we hope) need not despair;
If Rich find timber, (give them scope)
Brave North will never grudge them rope:
Then to conclude, we'll crown the bowl,
With a health to the king and each loyal soul.

LONDON'S JOY AND TRIUMPH, ON THE INSTALMENT OF SIR WILLIAM PRITCHARD LORD MAYOR OF LONDON FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

To the Tune of "Tangier March."

From the same Collection as the preceding. Sir William Pritchard succeeded Sir John Moor in the Mayoralty, and was of the same political opinions as his predecessor. Many of the names of the persons mentioned in the following, will be found in our note to the foregoing ballad, on the installation of Sir John Moor and the confirmation of Mr. North and Mr. Rich.

Let the Whigs revile, the Tories smile,
That their business is compleated;
Let all rejoyce with heart and voice
That the Whig 's at last defeated.
The Whigs for loyalty so fam'd,
With all their hopes are undone;
Since now brave Pritchard is proclaim'd
The loyal Mayor of London.

You Polish brace whose brazen face
To the chair wou'd be aspiring,
See the rabble crowd who bawl'd so loud
Are bawk'd beyond admiring;
Learn in time to mitigate
Your bold tumultuous furies;
Ere you shall find you trust too late
To ignoramus juries.

Let player Tom receive the doom
So long due for his cheating,
Who did purloin the city coin,
To keep up holy meeting;
To rob the orphan, and the poor,
His great discharge of trust is,
And run upon the widows' score,
To do the city justice.

Let Ward repent, and Jenks relent,
Their practice so malicious;
Let Hubbard rue, with all the crew,
That they were so officious;
Such Jews as these, who did deny
Their Saviour for a tester,
No doubt again would crucify
Their sovereign lord and master.

For North and Rich, and ev'ry such,
They set up a Papillion;
'Gainst Pritchard bold, with Cornish Gold,
With ryot and rebellion.
To love the king can you pretend,
Who Royalists deny all?
And with such vigour dare contend
Against the man that's loyal.

For shame, in time repent your crime,
Your ryot and commotion;

And to the Mayor, who kept the chair,
Pay all your just devotion.
Such was their loyalty of late
To give the king no money;
But freely throw away their plate
To join with rebel Toney.

Thus you before did run on score
With royal Charles, your master;
Like drunk or mad, spent all you had
To uphold a bold impostor.
Let not knaves again betray,
And rob you of your reason;
Then leave your factious heads to pay
The forfeit of your treason.

With all your heat what did you get?
With all your did ann quarter;*
But to involve with each resolve
The more entangled Charter?
To James your just allegiance give,
Your properties then plead 'em;
Defending the prerogative
You best protect your freedom.

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* The Editor is quite unable to explain this line. It is probably a misprint; but he has in vain endeavoured to discover the true reading.

LONDON'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR CHARTER.

To the Tune of "Pakington's Pound."

From the same Collection as the preceding. The constant disputes between the court and the citizens relative to the appointment of the sheriffs, led to the well-known determination on the part of the government of Charles II, to annul the charters of the city. The celebrated *Quo Warranto* was issued by the attorney-general, and the corporation was cited into the Court of King's Bench, to show cause why they had so long usurped the privilege of choosing their own officers. The matter being argued, Lord Chief Justice Jones pronounced judgment against the city, on the 12th of June, 1683. The court then took the government of London into its own hands. Sir William Pritchard was confirmed in the office of lord mayor, during his Majesty's pleasure; eight aldermen in the popular interest were deprived of their office, and eight others of the York faction appointed to their places. Besides this, the king dismissed the then recorder, Sir George Treby, and conferred the dignity upon Thomas Jerner, whom he also knighted for the occasion.

You freemen and master, and prentices mourn,
For now you are left with your Charter forlorn;
Since London was London, I dare boldly say,
For your riots you never so dearly did pay:
In Westminster Hall
Your Dagon did fall,
That caus'd you to ryot and mutiny all;
Oh London! Oh London! thou'dst better had none,
Than thus with thy Charter to vie with the throne.

Oh London! Oh London! how cou'dst thou pretend
Against thy Defender thy crimes to defend?

Thy freedom and rights from kind princes did spring,
And yet in contempt thou withstandest thy king;
With bold brazen face,
They pleaded thy case,
In hopes to the Charter the king would give place:
Oh London! thou'dst better no Charter at all,
Than thus for rebellion thy Charter shou'd fall.

Since Britains to London came over to dwell,
You had an old Charter to buy and to sell;
And whilst in allegiance each honest man lives,
Then you had a Charter for Lord Mayor and Shrieves;
But when, with your pride,
You began to backslide,
And London by factions did run with the tide;
Then London, Oh London! 'tis time to withdraw,
Lest the flood of your factions the land over-flow.

When faction and fury of rebels prevail'd,
When coblers were kings, and monarchs were jayl'd,
When masters in tumult their prentices led,
And the tail did begin to make war with the head;
When Thomas and Kate
Did bring in their plate,
T'uphold the old cause of the Rump of the state;
Then tell me, Oh London! I prithee now tell,
Hadst thou ere a Charter to fight and rebel?

When zealous sham sheriffs the city oppose,
In spight of the Charter, the king, and the laws,

And make such a ryot and rout in the town,
That never before such a racket was known;
When ryoters dare
Arrest the Lord May'r,
And force the king's substitute out of the chair;
Oh London! whose Charter is now on the lees,
Did your Charter e'er warrant such actions as these?

Alas for the brethren! what now must they do,
For choosing Whig sheriffs and burgesses too?
The Charter with Patience is gone to the pot,
And the Doctor is lost in the depth of the plot:
St. Stephen his flayl
No more will prevail,
Nor Sir Robert's dagger, the Charter to bail;
Oh London! thou'dst better have laid in the fire,
Then thus thy old Charter should stick in the mire.

But since with your folly, your faction and pride,
You sink with the Charter who strove with the tide,
Let all the lost rivers return to the main
From whence they descended; they'll spring out again;
Submit to the king
In every thing,
Then of a new Charter, new sonnets we'll sing;
As London (the phœnix of England) ne'er dies,
So out of the flames a new Charter will rise.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

A NEW SONG, IN PRAISE OF THE LOYAL COMPANY OF STATIONERS, WHO, FOR THEIR SINGULAR LOYALTY, OBTAINED THE FIRST CHARTER OF LONDON, 1684.

To the Tune of "Winchester Wedding."

From the same Collection as the foregoing. The Stationers' Company, as related in the ballad, obtained a restoration of their charter, in consequence of their dutiful submission to the court. The persons alluded to in the ballad by the names of Dick, Jack, George, William, &c. were probably apprentices, distinguished in their day for their adherence to the popular side.

In London was such a quarter,
The like was never known,
About the forfeited Charter,
Betwixt the Court and the Town.
The masters were crowding before,
The prentices i' th' rear did fall,
There were a thousand and more
Attended to lead up the brawl:
Kit arm'd with a fork and a spade,
And Bob with a shovel and fork,
But Tender was for a surrender
And now it began to work.

Quoth Willy, what lose the Charter?
I'll sooner lose my head:
Quoth Bob Hog, I'll die a martyr
Before that shall ever be said.
Quoth John, you may shut up your shopping,
Your Charter was all your shield,

For every seaman of Wapping
May be freeman now of the Guield,
Quoth a butcher, the beggarly French
Will out of our mouths eat the bread ;
But the weaver he cock'd up his beaver,
And valiantly march'd at the head.

But Stationers-Hall so loyal
The Charter by which they meet,
The gift of his Ancestors Royal,
Did humbly lay at his feet ;
Whose suit he so far befriendeth,
Their liberties know no bound,
Their Charter her Whigs extendeth,
Thro' London, and full four miles round.
And now from the Bygot and Whig,
(To distinguish the good men and true),
The table is purg'd, and rabble
With the members excluded withdrew.

With limping Dick the zealous,
Went doting Yea and Nay,
And squinting Jack so zealous
Lest loyalty got the day.
With these Jack Thumb was reckon'd,
And hungry Will of the Wood ;
And Frank the first and the second,
And George that will never be good.
And thus they did trip it along,
Whilst William led up the brawl,

But John did storm above any
To be turn'd out of the Hall.

Jack gave his right hand to Harry,
Who almost his place had lost,
And swore if the day they carry,
The loyal should pay for the roast.
But Bob Hog who made a tryal,
And found how the jig would go,
Resolv'd to change sides and be loyal,
But all the Dissenters said "No:"
Thus whilst to the Charter or law
They would no obedience yield,
The glory was still, true Tory
Is master of the field.

Now to the stationers honour,
The Charter is on record ;
Great Charles the bountiful donor
Their franchises has restor'd ;
To whose everlasting glory
Thy honour will still redound ;
That they are the first in story,
Who London's Charter did found ;
Then to the brave founder a health,
Who first did our freedom create ;
A bumper to Charles, to the rumper
A halter, and Robin Hogs fate.

THE MUG-HOUSE.

From the same Collection as the preceding. This ballad, which was written prior to the year 1694, shows that the "Mug" was a common party cry at least twenty-four years before the celebrated Mug-house riots, which broke out in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, and led to the death of several persons. I have seen it somewhere stated, though I am not able to refer to the passage, that the "mugs" out of which the politicians of that day drank their beer, were fashioned into the resemblance of Lord Shaftesbury's face. It has since become a vulgar phrase, to say of a man with a disagreeable countenance, that "he has an ugly mug."

If sorrow the tyrant invade thy breast,
Draw out the foul fiend by the lug, the lug;
Let no thought of to-morrow disturb thy rest,
But dash out its brains with a mug, a mug.
If business unluckily go not well,
Let dull fools their ill fortune hug:
To show our allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
And drown all our cares in a mug, a mug.

If thy wife be not one of the best, the best,
Admit not a respit to think, to think;
Or the weight of thy forehead weigh down thy brest,
Divert the dull demon with drink, with drink;
If thy mistress prove peevish, and will not gee,
Ne'er pine, ne'er pine, for the scornful pug;
But find out a prettier, and kinder than she;
And banish despair with a mug, a mug.

Let zealots o'er coffee new plots divine,
And lace with fresh treasons the pagan drug;
With loyal blood flowing in our veins, that shine
Like our faces, inspir'd with the mug, the mug;
Let sectaries dream of alarms, alarms,
And fools, still for new changes tug;
We fam'd for our loyalty, will stand to our arms;
And drink the king's health in a mug, a mug.

Then, then to the queen, let the next advance,
With all loyal lads of true English race;
That scorn the stum'd notion of Spain and France;
Or to Burdeux or Burgundy to give place,
The flask and the bottle breed ach and gout,
Whilst we, we all the season lie snug;
Nor Spaniard nor Florentine can vie with our stout,
And Monsieur submits to the mug, the mug.

THE COURAGIOUS ENGLISH BOYS OF SEVERAL TRADES AND CALLING;

AS WEAVERS, SHOOMAKERS, DYERS, AND HATTERS, IN CITY AND COUNTRY, WHOSE RESOLUTION IS TO MARCH INTO FLANDERS AFTER KING WILLIAM, TO RELIEVE THAT COUNTRY FROM THE FRENCH CRUELTY, AND FROM THENCE MARCH WITH HIM TO CONQUER FRANCE.

To the Tune of "Let Cæsar live long."

From a broadside in the British Museum. Licensed according to Order. The song of "Let Cæsar live long," with the tune, is printed

in "A Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs," &c. 12mo. 1694, 4th edition, from which we have already and largely quoted; also in earlier editions of the same work.

Brave boys we shall soon have an army of those
That will both the French and the Papists oppose,
What tho' they do now on the Protestants frown,
It is not those Romans that shall run us down;
For every tradesman his calling will leave,
And bright shining armour resolves to receive.

The Weavers they throw by their shuttle and loom,
Resolving to stand against treacherous Rome,
Whose insolent pride did their betters degrade,
And oftentimes provéd the ruin of trade;
Therefore the brave Weavers will now play their part,
Vowing that Mounsier they'll vex to the heart.

The valiant Shoomakers in hundreds come,
Resolving to follow the true martial drum,
With flourishing colours to enter the field,
Not fearing to make the proud enemy yield.
The bones of St. Hugh they do now bid adieu,
As having a far greater work now to do.

The Butchers, the Dyers, the Hatters also,
With undaunted courage these valiantly go,
Stout lads that are season'd to laborious work,
Well able to fight the proud French or the Turk,
In glittering arms they resolve to appear,
To make all our enemies tremble for fear.

Not only in London, but every where
They do to the army in thousands repair,
The Cornwall and Devonshire boys are agreed
To make the proud papists in Flanders to bleed;
And like valiant souldiers they solemnly vow
To make the most insolent Catholicks bow.

The Dorset and Somerset boys too we find,
They are to a Protestant monarch inclin'd;
And at his command they will valiantly go
In order our enemies to overthrow.
They have not forgot their relations of late,
Who suffer'd under a great person of state.

Through every county all over the west,
Their loyalty to their good king is exprest;
And under his banner they'll fight till they dye,
Or otherwise make our proud enemies flye;
Their cause being good, they are void of all fear,
Resolving to charge from the front to the rear.

'Tis very well known that they fear not the French,
Nor will they retire to give back an inch,
But up to the face of the enemy ride,
To curb and subdue their insolent pride:
A touch of true courage ere long they shall feel,
They'll chase them with swords of true temper'd
steel.

Our army makes Lewis to tremble and quake,
He fearing that Mons we again will retake;
Which we are resolvéd this summer to do,
And a farther progress we still will pursue;
With undaunted courage, brave boys, we'll advance,
In order to conquer the glory of France.

Renownéd King William, of conduct and skill,
With brave sons of thunder will follow them still;
While drums they are beating, and trumpets do sound,
And cannons like thunder are tearing the ground,
The glory and power of France we disdain,
King William in triumph and glory shall reign.

From Flanders to France, boys, we soon will repair,
And conquer that nation, oppose us who dare.
Their castles, and towers, and cities subdue,
And make the proud Lewis submit to us too;
Whilst conquering William with lawrels is crown'd,
His fame and his name thro' the world shall go round.

Printed for J. Blare, at the "Looking-glass," on London Bridge.

THE BLACKSMITH.

From "Pills to Purge Melancholy; or, Wit and Mirth, an Antidote against Melancholy, compounded of witty and ingenious Ballads, Songs, and Catches, and other pleasant and merry Poems; the Third Edition, enlarged. London, printed by A. G. and J. P. and sold by Henry Playford, near the Temple Church, 1682."

Of all the trades that ever I see,
Ther's none to a Blacksmith compared may be,
With so many several tools works he,
Which nobody can deny.

The first that ever thunderbolt made
Was a Cyclops of the Blacksmith's trade,
As in a learned author is said,
Which nobody can deny.

When thundering like we strike about,
The fire like lightning flashes out,
Which suddenly with water we dout,
Which nobody can deny.

The fairest goddess in the skies,
To marry with Vulcan did advise,
And he was a Blacksmith grave and wise,
Which nobody can deny.

Vulcan he, to do her right,
Did build her a town by day and by night,
And gave it a name which was Hammersmith hight,
Which nobody can deny.

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty estate he would appoint her,
And leave her Sea Coal Lane for a joynter,
Which nobody can deny.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort you'd wish no stronger,
Which was in the lane of Ironmonger,
Which nobody can deny.

Smithfield he did cleanse from dirt,
And sure there was great reason for't,
For there he meant she should keep her court,
Which nobody can deny.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the blacksmith rectified,
To the honour of Edmund Ironside,
Which nobody can deny.

Vulcan after made a train
Wherein the god of war was ta'en,
Which ever since hath been call'd Paul's Chain,
Which nobody can deny.

The common proverb, as it is read,
That a man must hit the *nail* on the head,
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
Which nobody can deny.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the Blacksmith's lot,
That a man must strike while the *iron* is hot,
Which nobody can deny.

Another comes in most proper and fit,
The Blacksmith's justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roast meat, and beat him with the *spit*, Which nobody can deny.

Another comes in our Blacksmith's way,
When things are safe, as old wives say,
We have them under *lock* and *key*,
Which nobody can deny.

Another that's in the Blacksmith's books,
And only to him for remedy looks,
Is when a man's quite off the *hooks*,
Which nobody can deny.

Another proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore let's do the Blacksmith no wrong,
When a man's held hard to it, *buckle* and thong.
Which nobody can deny.

Another proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the Blacksmith may challenge half,
When a reason 's as plain as a *pike* staff,
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading a good cause may mar,
Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the *bar*.
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,
By his counterfeit deeds, and thereby doth ill,
Yet your blacksmith may *forge* what he will,
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your bankrupt citizens lurk in their holes,
And laugh at their creditors and their catchpoles,
Yet your Blacksmith can fetch them over the *coals*,
Which nobody can deny.

Though jockey in stable be never so neat,
To look to his nag and prescribe him his meat,
Yet your Blacksmith knows better how to give him a *heat*,
Which nobody can deny.

If any tailor have the itch,
The Blacksmith's water as black as pitch
Will make his hands go thorough *stitch*,
Which nobody can deny.

There's never a slut, if filth o'ermatch her,
But owes to the Blacksmith for her leacher, [her,
For without a pair of *tongs* there's no man would touch
Which nobody can deny.

Your roaring boys who every one quails,
Fights, domineers, swaggers, and rails,
Could never yet make the smith eat his *nails*,
Which nobody can deny.

If a scholar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring his matter about,
The Blacksmith can always *hammer* it out,
Which nobody can deny.

Now if to know him you would desire,
You must not scorn but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the *fire*,
Which nobody can deny.

Now here's a good health to Blacksmiths all,
And let it go round, as round as a ball;
We'll drink it all off, though it costs us a fall,
Which nobody can deny.

THE BREWER.

From the same Collection as the preceding. The last stanzas evidently refer to Oliver Cromwell, whose father was a brewer, at Huntingdon, and appear, from the allusions to his son Richard, to have been written shortly after the death of the great Protector, by some admirer of his principles and prowess.

There's many a clinching verse is made
In honour of the Blacksmith's trade,
But more of the Brewer may be said,
Which nobody can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The Blacksmith cannot be complete,
Unless the Brewer do give him a heat,
Which nobody can deny.

When Smug unto the forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer doth liquor him home,
He'll never strike "my pot and thy pot, Tom,"
Which nobody can deny.

Of all professions in the town,
The Brewer's trade hath gain'd renown,—
His liquor reacheth up to the *crown*,
Which nobody can deny.

Many new laws from him there did spring,
Of all the trades he still was their king;
For the Brewer had the world in a *sling*,
Which nobody can deny.

He scorneth all laws and marshal stops,
But whips an army as sound as tops,
And cuts off his foes as thick as *hops*;
Which nobody can deny.

He dives for riches down to the bottom,
And cries, "My masters," when he has got 'em,
"Let every tub stand on its own bottom;"
Which nobody can deny.

In warlike acts he scorns to stoop;
For when his army begins to droop,
He draws them up as round as a *hoop*,
Which nobody can deny.

The Jewish sot, that scorns to eat
The flesh of swine, and Brewers' beat,—
'Twas the sight of his *hogshead* made 'em retreat,
Which nobody can deny.

Poor Jockey and his basket hilt,
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
And their bodies, like barrels, did run a tilt,
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' Jemmy gave the first assault,
The Brewer at last made him to halt,
And gave them what the cat left in the malt,
Which nobody can deny.

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle
Religion in a cooler and a kettle;
For his nose and copper were both of one mettle,
Which nobody can deny.

Some Christian kings began to quake,
And said with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make,
We'll let him alone, as he brews, let him bake;
Which nobody can deny.

He had a strong and very stout heart,
And thought to be made an emperor for't,
But the devil put a spoke in his cart,
Which nobody can deny.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He always did carry his furnace in his face,
Which nobody can deny.

But yet, by the way, you must understand,
He kept his foes so under command,
That Pride could never get the upper hand,
Which nobody can deny.

He was a stout Brewer, of whom we may brag,
But now he is hurried away with a hag,—
He brews in a bottle and bakes in a bag,
Which nobody can deny.

And now may all stout soldiers say,
Farewell the glory of the day,
For the Brewer himself is turned to clay,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus fell the brave brewer, the bold son of slaughter;
We need not to fear what shall follow after.
For he dealt all his time in fire and water,
Which nobody can deny.

And if his successor had had but his might,
Then we had not been in a pitiful plight,
But he was found many grains too light,
Which nobody can deny.

Let's leave off singing, and drink off our bub,
We'll call up a reckoning, and every man club,
For I think I have told you *a tale of a tub.*
Which nobody can deny.

THE GOOD FELLLOWS' FROLICK: OR, KENT STREET CLUBB.

From Evans' Collection of Old Ballads, Lond. 1810, vol. i. p. 162

Here is a crew of jovial blades,
That lov'd the nut-brown ale,
They in an alehouse chanc'd to meet,
And told a merry tale.
A bonny seaman was the first,
But newly come to town,
And swore that he his guts could burst,
With ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly carman he
Doth the strong liquor prize,
He so long in the alehouse sat,
That he drank out his eyes;

And groping to get out of door,
Sot-like, he tumbled down,
And there he like a madman swore
He lov'd the ale so brown.

The nimble weaver he came in,
And swore he'd have a little,
To drink good ale it was no sin,
Though't made him pawn his shuttle.
Quoth he, I am a gentleman,
No lusty country clown,
But yet I love with all my heart
The ale that is so brown.

Then next the blacksmith he came in,
And said, "'Twas mighty hot;"
He sitting down did thus begin:
"Fair maid, bring me a pot;
Let it be of the very best,
That none exceeds in town,
I tell you true, and do not jest,
I love the ale so brown."

The prick louse tailor he came in,
Whose tongue did run so nimble,
And said he would engage for drink
His bodkin and his thimble.
"For though with long thin jaws I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
Of ale that is so brown."

The lusty porter passing by
With basket on his back,
He said that he was grievous dry,
And needs would pawn his sack.
His angry wife he did not fear,
He valued not her frown,
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them
Was of the gentle craft,
And when that he was wet within,
Most heartily he laugh'd.
Crispin was ne'er so boon as he,
Tho' some kin to a crown,
And there he sat most merrily,
With ale that was so brown.

But at the last a barber, he
A mind had for to taste,
He calléd for a pint of drink,
And said he was in haste,
The drink so pleased he tarried there
Till he had lost a crown,
'Twas all the money he could spare
For ale that is so brown.

A broom-man as he passéd by
His morning draught did lack;

Because that he no money had,
He pawn'd his shirt from 's back:
And said that he without a shirt
Would cry brooms up and down;
"But yet," quoth he, "I'll merry be
With ale that is so brown."

But when all these together met,
Oh what discourse was there;—
'Twould make one's hair to stand on end
To hear how they did swear!
One was a fool and puppy dog,
The other was a clown,
And there they sat and swill'd their guts
With ale that was so brown.

The landlady they did abuse,
And called her nasty whore;
Quoth she, "Do you your reckoning pay,
And get you out of door!"
Of them she could no money get,
Which causéd her to frown;
But loath they were to leave behind
The ale that was so brown.

THE MERRY HOASTESS:

OR,

A pretty new ditty, compos'd by an hoastess that lives in the city
To wrong such an hoastess it were a great pity,
By reason she causéd this pretty new ditty.

From Evans' Collection of Old Ballads, vol. i. page 150.

Come all that love good company,
And hearken to my ditty,
'Tis of a lovely hostess fine,
That lives in London city,
Which sells good ale, nappy and stale,
And always thus sings she,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Her ale is lively, strong, and stout,
If you please but to taste,
It is well brew'd you need not fear,
But I pray you make no waste.
It is lovely brown, the best in town,
And always thus sings she,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

The gayest lady with her fan,
Doth love such nappy ale,
Both city maids and country girls
That carry the milking pail,

Will take a touch, and not think much,
To sing so merrily,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Both lord and squire have a desire
Unto it night and day,
For a quart or two, be it old or new,
And for it then will pay,
With pipe in hand, they may her command,
To sing right merrily,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

You're welcome all, brave gentlemen,
If you please to come in,
To take a cup I do intend,
And a health for to begin,
To all the merry jovial blades
That will sing for company,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Here's a health to all brave Englishmen,
That love a cup of ale,
Let every man fill up his can,
And see that none do fail;
'Tis very good to nourish the blood,
And make you sing with me,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

THE SECOND PART.

The bonny Scot will lay a plot
To get a handsome touch
Of this my ale so good and stale,
So will the cunning Dutch,
They will take a part with all their heart,
To sing this tune with me,
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

It will make the Irish cry "ahone!"
If they but take their fill,
And put them all quite out of tune,
Let them use their chiefest skill.
So strong and stout it will hold out,
In any company,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

The Welshman on St. David's day,
Will cry, "Cot's plutter a nail!"
Hur will hur ferry quite away
From off that nappy ale;
It makes hur foes with hur red nose,
Hur seldom can agree,—
But my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

The Spaniard stout will have a bout,
For he hath store of gold,

Till at the last he is laid fast,—
My ale doth him so hold;
His poignard strong is laid along,
Yet he is good company,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young.
And a little above my knee.

There's never a tradesman in England
That can my ale deny,—
The weaver, tailor, and glover,
Delight it for to buy;
Small money they do take away,
If that they drink with me,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

There's Smug, the honest blacksmith,
He seldom can pass by,
Because a spark lies in his throat,
Which makes him very dry;
But my old ale tells him a tale,
So finely we agree,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

The brewer, baker, and butcher,
As well as all the rest,
Both night and day will watch where they
May find ale of the best;

And the gentle craft will come full oft,
To drink a cup with me,—
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

So, to conclude, good fellows all,
I bid you all adieu;
If that you love a cup of ale,
Take rather old than new:
For if you come where I do dwell,
And chance to drink with me,—
My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

THE MERCHANT TAILORS' SONG.

To the Tune of "Treason's Joy."

From the "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," where it is entitled "A delightful Song of the four famous Feasts of England; one of them ordained by King Henry the Seventh to the Honour of Merchant Taylors, shewing how seven Kings having been free of that Company, and how lastly it was graced by the renowned Henry of Great Britain." The ballad is also inserted in Evans' Collection, vol. iii. page 44 to 50; and in the "History of the Twelve Companies of London, by William Herbert. London, 1834."

England is a kingdom
Of all the world admired,
More stateliness in pleasures
Can no way be desired;

The court is full of bravery,
The city stor'd with wealth,
The law preserveth unity,
The country keepeth health.

Yet no like pomp and glory
Our chronicles record,
As four great feasts of England
Do orderly afford;
All others be but dinners called,
Or banquets of good sort,
And none but four be named feasts,
Which here I will report.

St. George our English champion,
In most delightful sort,
Is celebrated year by year
In England's royal court;
The king with all his noble train,
In good and rich array,
Still glorifies the festival
Of great St. George's day.

The honoured Mayor of London
The second feast ordains,
By which the worthy citizen
Much commendation gains;
For lords and judges of the land,
And knights of good request,
To Guildhall come to countenance
Lord Mayor of London's feast.

Also the sergeants of the law
Another feast affords,
With grace and honour glorified
By England's noble lords;
And this we call the sergeant's feast,
A third in name and place,
But yet there is a fourth likewise
Deserves a gallant grace.

The Merchant Tailor's company,
The fellowship of fame,
To London's lasting dignity
Lives honour'd with the same;
A gift King Henry the Seventh gave,
Kept once in three years still,
Where gold and gowns be to poor men
Given by King Henry's will.

Full many a good fat buck he sent,
The fairest and the best
The king's large forests can afford,
To grace this worthy feast;
A feast that makes the number just
And last account of four,
Therefore let England thus record
Of feasts there be no more.

Then let all London companies,
So highly in renown,
Give Merchant Tailor's name and fame
To wear the laurel crown;

For seven of England's royal kings
Thereof have all been free,
And with their loves and favours graced
This worthy company.

King Richard once, the second name,
Unhappy in his fall,
Of all his race of royal kings
Was freeman first of all;
Bullingbrook, fourth Henry, next,
By order him succeeds,
To gloryfie his brotherhood
By many princely deeds.

Fift Henry, which so valiantly
Deserved fame in France,
Became free of this company,
Fair London to advance;
Sixt Henry, the next in reign,
Though luckless in his dayes,
Of Merchant Tailors freeman was,
To their eternal praise.

Fourth Edward, that most worthy king,
Beloved of great and small,
Also performed a freeman's love
In this renowned hall;
Third Richard, which by cruelty,
Brought England many woes,
Unto this worthy company
No little favour shews.

But richest favours yet at last
Proceeded from a king
Whose kingdom round about the world
In princes' ears do ring;
King Henry, whom we call the Seventh,
Made them the greatest grace,
Because in Merchant Tailor's Hall
His picture now stands plac'd.

Their charter was his princely gift,
Maintained to this day,
He added *Merchant* to the name
Of Tailors, as some say,
So Merchant Tailors they be called,
His royal love was so,
No London company the like
Estate of kings can shew.

From time to time we thus behold
The Merchant Tailors' glory,
Of whose renown the Muses' pen
May make a lasting story,
This love of kings begot such love
Of our now royal prince,
For greater love than this to them
Was ne'er before nor since.

It pleased so his princely mind,
In meek kind courtesie,
To be a friendly freeman made
Of this brave company.

O London then in heart rejoyce,
And Merchant Tailors sing
Forth praises of this gentle prince,
The son of our good king.

To tell the welcome to the world
Here then in London had,
Might fill us full of pleasant joyes,
And make our hearts full glad.
His triumphs were performed and done,
Long lasting will remain,
And chronicles report aright
The order of it plain.

THE MERCER'S COMPANY'S SONG.

This ballad, which is of the year 1701, is transcribed from Herbert's "History of the Twelve Companies of London."

Advance the virgin,—lead the van,—
Of all that are in London free,
The Mercer is the foremost man
That founded a society.
Cho. Of all the trades that London grace,
We are the first in time and place.

When nature in perfection was,
And virgin beauty in her prime,

The Mercer gave the nymph a gloss,
And made e'en beauty more sublime.
Cho. In this above our brethren blest,
The Virgin's since our coat and crest.

Let others boast of lions bold,
The camel, leopard, and the bear,—
That tygers fierce their arms uphold,
And rav'nous wolves their scutcheons rear,
Cho. To us our virgin innocence
Is both supporter and defence.

Then let a loyal peal go round,
There's none dare claim priority;
To Cesar's health each glass be crown'd,
Whose predecessors made us free.
Cho. Of all the trades that London grace,
Our's first in dignity and place.

FREEMEN'S SONG, OF FOUR VOICES.

From "Deuteromelia: or, the Second Part of pleasant Roundelayes; K. H. Mirth, or Freemen's Songs, and such delightful Catches. London, printed for Thomas Adams, dwelling in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the 'White Lion,' 1609." The terms *K. H. Mirth and Freemen's Songs* have given rise to considerable discussion. It is supposed that the former stands for *King Henry's Mirth*; that is, songs or catches of a merry nature, which were favourites with that prince. It may be so; but there is no authority for it beyond mere conjecture. Ritson has some absurd notion of *freemen* being a mistake for *three-men*, because Shake-

speare speaks of "*Three-men song-men*," that is, men who could sing songs of three parts: but if Ritson ever saw the book in question, he must there have found freemen's songs to *four voices*, which sets the matter at rest. This ballad is also to be found in the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," third edition, vol. i. p. 49. London, 1707.

Who liveth so merry in all this land
As doth the poor widdow that selleth the sand?
And ever shee singeth as I can guesse,
Will you buy any sand, any sand, mistress?

The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of broomes from street to street;
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Then all the day long to doe nothing but sing.

The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soote away;
Yet when he comes home altho' he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noone,
And cobbleth his shooes till they be done;
Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say,
For he knows his worke will soone decay.

The marchant man doth saile on the seas,
And lye on the ship-board with little ease;
Always in doubt the rocke is neare,
How can he be merry and make good cheare?

The husband-man all day goeth to plow,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow;
He moyleth and toyleth all the long yeare,
How can he be merry, and make good cheare?

The servingman waiteth fro' street to street,
With blowing his nails and beating his feet:
And serveth for forty shillings a yeare,
That 'tis impossible to make good cheare.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport
As those that be of the poorest sort?
The poorest sort wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three.

And every man will spend his penny,
What makes such a shot among a great many?

THE SCRIUENER'S SERUANT'S SONG OF HOLBORNE.

This and the five following,—"The Belman's Song," "The Smith's Man," "The Cryer's Song of Cheapside," "The Painter's Song of London," and "The City Rounds,"—are transcribed from "Meligmata; Musical Phantasies, fitting the Court, City, and Country Manners, to three, four, and five Voices,—

To all delightful, except to the spiteful;
To none offensive, except to the pensive.

London, printed by William Stansby, for Thos. Adams, 1611." From the initials, T. R., B.M., at the end of the dedication, there

can be little doubt that the work was compiled by Thomas Ravenscroft, Bachelor of Music. He was also the editor of "Deuteromelia," and two other musical works. In the year 1822, the Duke of Marlborough presented to the Members of the Roxburgh Club "A Selection from the Works of Thomas Ravenscroft," but they were very incorrectly given.

My master is so wise, so wise,
That he'es proceeded wittall,
My mistris is a foole, a foole,
And yet 'tis the most get-all.
Let the vsurer cram him
Interest that excell,
Their pit's enough to damme him
Before he goes to hell.
In Holborne some: in Fleet Streete some,
Where care he come.

A BELMAN'S SONG.

Maides to bed, and cover coale,
Let the mouse out of her hole,
Crickets in the chimney sing,
Whilst the little bell doth ring;
If fast asleep, who can tell
When the clapper hits the bell?

THE SMITH'S MAN.

Who will be the smith's man?
He that any good can,
To take his cups, or drink his bowls,
Or whisk his beesom o'er the coals,
Or heave the bellows, the first to blow,
And while the iron is hot, strike ho!
Fough—fough—to fough!

THE CRYER'S SONG OF CHEAPSIDE.

Oyes! oyes! oyes! if any one at fifteene
Hath taken vp and found
A pretie pretie thing
That hath her maiden head vnbound,
If any gallant haue with cater-tray,
Play'd the wise-acre, and made all away,
Let him come to the cryer,
There will be laide a thousand pound to tenne,
That none of these will e'er be had againe.

Oyes! oyes! if note or line, or word be here let fall,
That giues to any man the taste of gall,
Let him come to the cryer,
I will lay my lips to a fat shroving hen
That none of these will 'er be had againe.
For this I say and likewise I protest
No arrowes here are shot at any brest;
But all are welcome to my musicke feaste.

THE PAINTER'S SONG OF LONDON.

WHERE are you, faire maides,
That have need of our trades?
I'll sell you a rare confection:
Will yee have your faces spread
Either with white or red,
Will yee buy any fair complection?

My drugges are no dregges,
For I have whites of egges,
Made in a rare confection.
Red leather and surflet water,
Scarlet colour or staues-aker,
Will yee buy any fair complection?

CITIE ROUNDS.

BROOMES for old shooes! pouchrings, bootes and buskings!
Will yee buy any new broome?
New oysters! new oysters! new new cockels!
Cockles nye! fresh herrings! Will yee buy any straw?
Hay yee any kitchen stuffe, maides?
Pippins fine, cherrie ripe, ripe, ripe!
Cherrie ripe! &c.

Hay any wood to cleaue?
Give eare to the clocke!
Beware your locke!
Your fire and your light!
And God giue you good night!
One o' clocke!

NEW BROOMES,—GREEN BROOMES.

From "A right excellent and famous comedy, called The Three Ladies of London, written by R. W. printed in 1584." One of the personages of the comedy is Conscience, who is supposed to enter with brooms at her back, singing the following.

New broomes, green broomes, will you buy any?
Come, maydens, come quickly, let me take a peny.

My broomes are not steeped,
but very well bound:
My broomes be not crooked,
but smooth cut and round.
I wish it should please you
to buy of my broome:
Then would it well ease me,
if market were done.

Have you any olde bootes,
or any olde shoone?
Powch-rings or buskins
to cope with new broome?

If so you have, maydens,
I pray you bring hither:
That you and I, friendly,
may bargen together.

New broomes, green broomes, will you buy any?
Come, maydens, come quickly, let me take a peny.

THE TINKER.

From "Catch that Catch can; or, the Musical Companion," 1667, 4to. Both this and the following appear in the "New Academy of Complements, erected for Ladies, Gentlewomen, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Scholars, Souldiers, Citizens, Countrymen, and all Persons of what Degree soever, of both Sexes, compiled by L. B. Sir C. S. Sir W. D. and others, the most refined Wits of the Age. London, printed by J. D. for John Churchill, at the 'Black Swan,' in Paternoster Row. 1694." The initials Sir C. S. and Sir W. D. are probably meant for Sir Charles Sedley and Sir William Davenant.

Have you any work for a tinker, mistriss?
Old brass, old pots, or kettles?
I'le mend them all with a tink, terry tink,
And never hurt your mettles.
First let me have but a touch of your ale,
'Twill steel me 'gainst cold weather,
Or tinkers frees,
Or vintners lees,
Or tobacco, chuse you whether.

But of your ale,
Your nappy ale,
I would I had a ferkin,
For I am old,
And very cold,
And never wear a jerkin.

HE THAT A TINKER WOULD BE.

From "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. i. London, 1707.

He that a Tinker, a Tinker would be,
Let him leave other loves
And come listen to me;
Though he travels all the day,
He comes home late at night,
And dallies with his doxey
And dreams of delight.

His pot and his toast in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good music he makes;
And wanders the world to wakes and to fairs,
And casts his cap at the court and her cares.
When to the town the tinker doth come,
Oh how the wanton wenches run!

Some bring him basons, some bring him bowls;
All wenches pray him to stop up their holes.

Tink! goes the hammer,
The skillet and the skummer!'
Come bring me the copper kettle!
For the Tinker, the merry Tinker,
He is the man of mettle.

HOT CODLINS.

From "Catch that Catch Can; or, the Musical Companion," 1667, 4to.

Have you observ'd the wench in the street,—
She's scarce any hose, or shoes to her feet,
Yet she is very merry,
And when she cries,
She sings "I ha' *hot codlins;*"
Or have you ever seen or heard
The mortal with a *lion tawny beard?*—
He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cries "*buy a brish.*"
Since these are merry why should we take care?
Musicians, like camelions, must live by the ayr.
Then let's be blith and bonny,
And no good meeting balk;
For when we have no mony,
We shall find chalk.

FINIS.

C. RICHARDS, PRINTER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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A collection of songs and ballads relative to the London prentices and trades.